A LITTLE TOUR IN INDIA

BY

THE HON. R. PALMER

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EDWARD ARNOLD
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To

THE RIGHT REVEREND

EDWIN JAMES

LORD BISHOP OF BOMBAY

(HEREINAFTER REFERRED TO AS "JIM")

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY

OF A DELIGHTFUL TOUR

PREFACE

THE following letters were written to various members of my family in the course of a first visit to India last year. On my return I found that they had been collected and typewritten: and I was persuaded to publish them. But, as a self-respecting young man, I wish to refute the charge of having "written a book on India": a tour of five months was too long for such an ambition to survive. Excepting the omission of private passages and the insertion of some few paragraphs from a diary, the letters are printed exactly as they passed through the post, a fact which accounts for sundry monstrosities of syntax—barbarous parentheses, unattached pronouns, mixed tenses. It was thought better to leave these than to disguise rough impressions with a thin varnish of literary elaboration.

R. PALMER.

CHRISTMAS, 1912.

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A LITTLE TOUR IN INDIA

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FROM BOMBAY TO AGRA

Bombay—A Hindu tea-party—The G.I.P.—A monotonous journey—Agra—The Fort—The Taj—Sikandarah—Itmad-ud-daulah's tomb—Fatehpur Sikri—The Taj by moonlight.

December 1, 1911, IN THE TRAIN (A JOLTY ONE) BETWEEN BOMBAY AND AGRA.—I had no time to see any sights in Bombay, as I was shopping, etc., the whole time. The crowds in the city were tremendous, the natives for hundreds of miles round flocking in. They were all in their best clothes, and the colouring was brilliant, orange-scarlet and sky-blue predominating.

Bombay was, they said, extraordinarily hot for November; I bought a thermometer to travel with. When I bought it, it stood at 84° inside the Stores at 6.30 p.m.

The most amusing thing I did in Bombay was to go to tea with a rich Hindu merchant, who

had given Rs. 5,000 to a Christian school: so Jim was going to tea with him, and took me. The furniture was magnificent, the sofas inlaid with mirrors, and so on—excepting the staircase, which was painted deal. We had tea in a lovely marble balcony decorated with frescoes of Hindu myths in rather crude pinks and greens. I ate some sponge-cake which tasted gingery: closer scrutiny showed it was alive with ants; so I tried the other things, which were all very nice. The whole roof had been made into a tessellated terrace, and from it we had a gorgeous view of the sunset crimsoning the whole harbour and sea and sky. Before we left we were all garlanded (my first day!) with wet ropes of flowers, and were given bouquets. I enjoyed it hugely.

I started last night by the G.I.P. The train is very comfortable. The carriages are large and have the seats, like sofas, along the line of travel, not across it. You bring your own bed, and make it on the sofa.

It is not a bit hot to-day. My thermometer makes it 74° now (half-past twelve). The country is dull, though prosperous: almost flat, every acre cultivated or pasture. The crops are rather thin, except mealies, which luxuriate. The fodder crop has failed entirely in most parts of Bombay, and Jim has had to give up his trek on that account. In fact, there will be actual famine in February, he says, in a certain number of districts.

As this train passes through Agra, I have decided to get out there (at 3 a.m.!), and spend four days there, proceeding to Delhi on Wednesday, the day before the King arrives. There will be plenty of time to see Delhi during the week from the 7th to the 14th. My present plans for the next few weeks are, after Delhi, to visit the cities of Rajputana, which are said by all to be exquisitely lovely (Jaipur, Chitor, Udaipur), reaching Ahmedabad by Christmas. That is to say, I travel south-west from Delhi, back towards Bombay, but rather north of the direct line.

I have come to the conclusion that it will be worth while to stay out to see Kashmir, so I have provisionally booked a passage in the ship leaving Bombay April 20th, 2.30 p.m.

We are in wilder country now, in one of the native Rajput States. It is not unlike the Rhodesian bush among the Matoppos: some big trees and a regular forest of smaller ones, but not growing at all thick, and no undergrowth but hay-like grass. The hills look about seven hundred feet high, and we have passed over two deep ravines with river-beds. We also passed over a big river, bigger than the Orange River, which appears to be the Nerbudda; we are between Itarsi and Bhopal.

Saturday, December 2, AGRA.—I arrived here at 4.30 a.m. . . . I slept a little and was up again at eight. No cabs were to be had, as every

Mohammedan was going to mosque, so I bicycled down to the Fort.

An Indian fort corresponds to a Greek acropolis, and in it are generally the royal palace and the best temples. Agra was the chief residence of three of the greatest of the six great Great Moghuls (pronounced to rhyme with "ogles"), namely, Akbar, Jehangir, and Shah Jahan; but I was quite unprepared for the astonishingly beautiful series of buildings I found. It would take an hour to describe them, as it took the whole morning to see them. The main ones were the Pearl Mosque, which is (in position) to Agra what the Parthenon was to Athens; the palace of Shah Jahan, which is the apotheosis of delicacy and flowerlike beauty; and the palace of Akbar and Jehangir, which is of a much severer style.

The whole Fort is of a wonderful rose-red sandstone, and so is Akbar's palace. All Shah Jahan's buildings are of purest white marble, the interiors profusely inlaid with agate and cornelians of every colour in marvellously graceful patterns. I am getting some photographs: meanwhile I send some horrid cheap German picture-postcards which give but the faintest idea, if that, of what the place is like. So much depends on the lovely colouring and the exquisite delicacy of the detail. Nothing I have seen in Europe is in the same key of beauty, unless it be the Alhambra.

Monday, December 4th.—On Saturday afternoon

I saw the Taj Mahal. The world in general out here conspires to make you sick of it before you see it, and the inevitable consequence was a trifle of disappointment at first sight; it looks so "exactly as it does in books." But that feeling soon passes, and admiration grows over one.

I went back there to-day and realized it is a hot favourite for being the most beautiful single and complete building in the world. I approached in a boat down the river to-day, and this is the most perfect view of it. It is so subtly designed that you only get the full effect when you see it as the architect intended. The Taj itself is not wide enough to make a good base for its dome; it looks lumpy and heavy when you look at it alone. But the architect put it on a wide platform, with four minarets at the corners, and at a distance these make one group with the Taj and restore the balance. Finally, to perfect the group, he put two mosques of red stone, one on each side, at a lower level, and the effect of these is to give an infinitely graceful lightness to the Taj. Thus the Taj can only be properly seen when it is balanced between the two red mosques—*i.e.*, from the gateway due south or the river due north. But the trees in the garden have grown so that from the gateway the mosques are wholly concealed from view, and even the minarets are only partially visible. From the river, however, a perfect view is obtained, and the effect is enhanced by the increased height, since the Taj is on an

embankment, and also by the reflection in the water.

The details of the work are as exquisite as in the palace. Most beautiful light-effects are obtained in all the vaultings of Shah Jahan's buildings by a device which I have never seen anywhere else. Instead of making the inner surface of, *e.g.*, the top of the porch, a smooth and even curve, they lightly scoop the marble in a kind of Gothic pattern, so that there are faint ridges and hollows in it which catch the light with an almost prismatic effect that is infinitely lovely: it gives, as it were, a living sheen to the stone.

Round the porches are long Arabic texts inlaid in black slate, and above is a good deal of floral inlay-work on a big scale. Inside, the two tombs are like embroidered silk, so rich is the inlay work: but I think its more sparing use is the more beautiful. They are enclosed by a very fine pierced marble screen, and over them hangs a pierced brass Cairene lamp, the "graceful gift of Lord Curzon." The lamp is all right, but the light inside is electric and too hard. The daylight in this chamber is so subdued as to be only adequate at noon. The whole dome is scooped in the way I mentioned, and a musical note is echoed up and up it in the most awe-inspiring and melodious way. It takes seven or eight seconds to die gradually away.

Yesterday I drove out five miles to Sikandarah, where Akbar's tomb is. It would be a very fine

sight if it were not so close to Agra; but it looks unfinished. It is interesting as being the earliest of the great Moghul buildings here, though I hope to see earlier ones to-morrow. The great Moghul period of architecture was, like so many supreme art-periods, surprisingly short. It begins with Akbar in 1570 and only "finds itself" after 1620: the decline begins in 1660, and after 1680 there is hardly a building of note. The immediate reason for its sudden decline was that whereas Akbar and Shah Jahan employed architects of all creeds and nations (the Taj, by the way, was designed by a Persian, not by an Italian), Aurangzeb (1657–1707), who was a bigot, refused to employ any one but devout Moslems, and none of these happened to be any good. The great mosques were built by Hindus and Persians.

This morning I saw the third of the great sights of Agra, the tomb of Itmad-ud-daulah—*i.e.*, the High Treasurer of Jehangir. Its date is 1628 and it is the first of the "A1" Moghul buildings, and the earliest example of inlay work. It is a most charming building, the most fragile-looking of all of them. Its inlay-work is less delicate than in the later ones, but its lacework in marble is as light as gossamer. It has no dome, but a very graceful roof and turrets of the pagoda order.

Wednesday.—I had better post this before starting for Delhi, as the trains up there are so dis-

organized that it might fail to catch the mail if I waited.

Yesterday I made the expedition to Fatehpur Sikri, which is twenty-two miles away. It was the abode of a saint, who blessed Akbar's wife in childbirth. For this reason Akbar made it his capital in 1565, and built a splendid city with palaces and a mosque, in red stone. But the water was bad, and after trying for twenty years he had to abandon it and move to Agra. The place remains just as he walked or drove out of it: no one has lived there since and it is near no high-road. It is therefore uniquely interesting as showing the early Moghul style. There is no inlay work and no marble. In some places the red stone is minutely carved: it can be pierced as finely as marble. The chief feature is the grace and lightness of the palaces, with their slender pillars and airy cupolas.

In the courtyard of the mosque is the saint's tomb, in marked contrast to the rest. Outside is a white marble chamber of extremely fine pierced lacework all round. Inside, the tomb is like a four-post bed, and is composed entirely of mother-of-pearl, except the posts, where the mother-of-pearl is interspersed with tortoiseshell and brass inlay. The whole effect is like a big piece of opalescent jewellery. Unfortunately, I failed to get a photograph of it.

Last night we went to see the Taj by moonlight, with a moon almost full. It is incomparably more

beautiful than by daylight, and more than fulfils the ravings of the enthusiasts who do their best to make it disappointing. You know what a tropical full moon is like, and you know the snowy glister of marble in moonlight. There was also a perfect stillness. Inside, the Cairene lamp justified itself, and the shadows on the vaulting were the very symbols of mystery and peace.

This morning I paid a third and last visit to the Fort, and loved it more than ever. I wish I could describe the Diwan-i-Khas, but it is too simple. I have never seen such a magical room. The stupid people haven't got a decent photograph of it.

II

THE DURBAR

i The old cemetery at Agra—A full carriage—Arrived in camp —ii A grumble—The State entry—Friday at the Jama Masjid—The chiefs' camps—Old Delhi—Kutab's mosque and minar—Moghul tombs—The Durbar—The garden-party in the Fort—The Review.

i

December 6, 1911, DELHI.—Just a line in hopes of catching the mail before I go to bed. One of the last places I visited in Agra was the old Roman Catholic cemetery. There were a lot of Christians there in Akbar's time, mainly Portuguese; but the oldest tomb with a legible date is, curiously, an Englishman's, who came to Agra in 1605 and talked with Akbar. He died in 1614.

I caught the 16.45 (as they please to call it) at Agra Road. I got into a carriage in which were an Englishman and a well-to-do Mohammedan. At the next station fifteen native students got in, or tried to. Each carried a fat roll of bedding, and they got hopelessly stuck in the doorway, chattering and struggling like monkeys.

The train started while the doorway was still jammed, with two of them outside on the footboard. Thereupon up rose the Englishman, silenced the babel with one word, pulled in the bedding-bundles and stored them away himself, and so cleared the doorway, then relapsed into his newspaper. The incident seemed to me symbolic. The fifteen disposed themselves all about the carriage, crowding the Mohammedan's seat, squatting on the floor, on their luggage, in the rack—but none of them thought of attempting to sit on our seat; so we two *sahibs* sat spaciously on an oasis of silence surrounded by babbling Indians, all of them in Bank Holiday spirits.

On arrival at Delhi we found thousands of unnecessary people on the platform, and after extricating ourselves spent over an hour trying to find this camp, as to the whereabouts of which there was a conspiracy of misdirecting garrulity. However, here we are at last, and quite ready for bed.

ii

December 9, 1911, IN CAMP, DELHI.—This place is even more odious than I had expected. The Durbar will have to be very fine to make up for it; and I have aggravated the evil by never doing the right thing. To my surprise I have been invited to the evening Reception, and I have no breeches.

I have brought no carriage or bicycle, and find it almost impossible to get about. This camp is two miles from anywhere, and six miles from all the great sights of Delhi, except the Fort, which the police have closed till the day before I leave. I shall therefore see nothing except in Jim's motor, and I am three miles from his camp. Walking is horribly unpleasant; one can't get breakfast till nine or half-past, and lunch only at 1.30; meals are unobtainable except in camp, so to get anywhere one has to walk in the heat of the day, and the roads are as crowded as Piccadilly in the season, and one is jostled by thousands of natives, and the dust fills the air, and the place is alive with flies, and one gets a headache from the sun. Consequently in the four days I have been here I have hardly stirred from camp without regretting it.

The statistics are wonderful, of course; there are scores of square miles of camp, and millions (such, I am told, is the official police estimate, but Sir John Hewett's estimate is five hundred thousand, a biggish divergence!) of strangers in Delhi. But the experience is disagreeable, and there is a pervading sense of waste which is very depressing. Untold millions of rupees have been spent, which go to enrich hotel-keepers, contractors, and dressmakers; and all that is got for it is three or four fine shows and the rather arrogant assertion of the British Raj. Meanwhile there is already actual famine in some districts and great

distress in others. The rajahs have spent all their spare cash in this show, and have no means of relieving their subjects: indeed, they themselves are likely to be hard up, as their revenues will probably fail them. And I very much doubt whether the political effect will be good. The common people are no doubt impressed by the display: but in this respect their own rajahs far outshine the King, and they are quite as likely to get the impression that their own princes are finer than ours as to realize that their fine princes are vassals of our King. But I dare say that part is all right, only it doesn't seem worth while; it makes one think of the famine districts in the same depressing way that a London ballroom sometimes makes one think of the slums.

So far there have been two bright spots from the spectacular point of view. The first of these was the State entry—the most extraordinary fantasy of splendour that has even been seen, I imagine. All the native chiefs drove in procession behind the King's escort. The latter—the Imperial Cadet Corps—consists of the sons of rajahs, and has a most lovely uniform of cream-colour and sky-blue, with gold plumes in their turbans.

But the chiefs' procession was the wonder. There were about a hundred of them: I made out ninety-eight, but I'm told a hundred and three is the total. Each one had a little procession of his own. First two splendid liverymen with

gold staves, then about a dozen horsemen in uniforms which tended to the fierce or fantastic. One set was in chain-mail from head to foot, others in leopard skins, and so on in infinite variety: at the least they were gorgeously uniformed, various shades of blue and yellow being the favourite colour-scheme. (Some of the horses were lovely too.) Their arms were nearly always lances or pikes: a few had axes or scimitars.

These were followed by a band of trumpeters, and sometimes two men with golden objects one might well call maces, beautifully wrought. This group was, like English trumpeters, the most richly uniformed of all, with silks and cloth of gold, the turbans being especially magnificent.

Then came the rajah's coach, drawn by six horses, with leaders and postilions; and the coachman was generally too gorgeous to be expected to hold the reins at all. The coaches themselves varied greatly: seven of them were entirely made of solid silver, no wood anywhere, and profusely overlaid with raised goldwork. Others were of wood inlaid with gold and silver; some were like English royal carriages, and some were quite shabby. They were generally lined with blue or purple cloth, sometimes white. In the carriage sat the rajah in a sumptuous shot-silk robe, generally gold shot with pink or blue: others wore white silk richly embroidered with gold, while some had tapestry patterns on the silk. Their breasts were covered with enormous jewels,

chiefly pearls and emeralds: but the hugest of all were always in the front of the turban, and some of these were of incredible size, and sparkled brilliantly in the sun; and often the lines of the turban were picked out in rubies and pearls, and pendant emeralds hung down over their foreheads. On the left of each rajah sat the British Resident, and two sumptuously attired courtiers opposite.

The rajah's carriage was followed by two or three other carriages, containing princes and wazirs; but in between there were almost always two led chargers, whose whole harness and saddles were made of solid embossed gold or silver: and a few had fantastic silver litters carved with lions and dragons.

Behind the carriages came a crowd of foot-soldiers, and these were generally the most oddly attired group of all: they bordered on the pantomimic. They were dressed, as it were, in caricatures of their respective national costumes; so one saw Pathans in shaggy bearskins, Baluchis, Arabs from the Aden Hinterland, Sikhs, Rajputs, Deccanese, South Indians, Kashmiris, Sikkimese, Bengalis, Burmese with golden pagodas on their hats, Assamese with straw hats a yard wide, Gujeratis with squat blunderbusses, Afridis with guns eight feet long, and so on in bewildering pageant. The procession took nearly three hours to pass, and it was impossible to take it in: but it remains a thing to dream of for the rest of one's life. I don't think it can ever become a regular

ceremony. There is a feeling about this Durbar that it will never be repeated.

The other fine sight I saw yesterday from the roof of the cloister of the great Mosque. There were ten thousand or more Mohammedans in the great courtyard for the Friday service, and when they prostrated themselves in unison they made a patterned carpet of every conceivable bright colour. Each man was on one square of the pavement, so they were in perfect lines. When they prayed, they swayed up and down like a coloured sea, to the rhythm of long-drawn "Al-lahs."

Sunday, 10th.—For once this camp is within a mile of something, and I could get to church this morning with reasonable comfort. After breakfast, I took advantage of an offer of a bicycle, and rode round the chiefs' camps. There are four enormously long streets of them, and I rode right up one and down another, and so saw the outside of about half of them. They are truly magnificent; they vary in size, averaging about a hundred and fifty yards of frontage and going back about two hundred and fifty: but some are much bigger. The Nizam and a few others have two camps (he is said to have brought over a hundred wives up here).

Each camp had a reception pavilion: of these, almost every one that I could see into had silver chairs and the rest of the furniture to match. A

few had arches and even kiosks entirely overlaid with silver. In odd contrast to this richness, the decorations generally took the form of small cheap calico Union Jacks with hideous "portraits" of the King and Queen stamped on them; these were in great profusion.

I only went into two camps, including the Kashmiri, which was far the most artistic of them all. The whole of its frontage had for a paling a screen of pierced wood, which was perfectly lovely. The wood was dark, like old oak, but grained like chestnut. (It is walnut.) The screen was about six feet high and stood on a three-foot brick plinth. Every panel was carved into a group of flowers, each one different, most exquisitely done, with a lace-like effect, and one could see through it quite well, as the spaces were cut right away. The gateway had similar flower carvings, but in relief and not pierced-work. It was of the same wood and gabled with burnished copper. The effect was extremely fine.

The pavilion was a large tent without sides (*i.e.*, open at the sides). It was supported on poles of solid silver (they may have been overlaid, but did not seem so), about four inches in diameter and spirally carved. The floor was carpeted with dark plum-coloured silk rugs, embroidered with flowers, not very thickly. The ceiling was of the same; there were two rows of silver chairs leading up to two thrones of gold and silver, and no other furniture in the room at all.

A wonderful feature about all the swell camps, English as well as Indian, is the gardening. Nine months ago this area was bare, dry, open veld, and now each camp has extensive grass lawns with beds of chrysanthemums, palms, sunflowers, etc., and some of them have "morning glory" convolvulus entirely covering their front railings.

Wednesday, 13th.—The last two days have been very full. On Monday Jim took me in his motor, and we visited all the great sights south of Delhi.

This locality has been a city from time immemorial: but it emerges into history after the first Mohammedan invasion of India, about A.D. 1000. The then existing city was eleven miles south of the present one. It was captured by the Moslem Viceroy, Kutab-ud-din, in 1193. This Kutab later threw off his allegiance to the Kings of Ghazni (in Afghanistan) and set up an independent kingdom with Delhi as capital. From this date onwards Delhi has almost always been the capital of the chief power in India: but successive dynasties moved their citadels, first eastward, then northward; so that now there is a chain of ruined forts, palaces, and mosques along fifteen miles of road.

Most of these ruins are mere shells; the best preserved are the oldest, namely, Kutab's mosque and minar, built to signalize his victory. The mosque must have been magnificent; there remain some grand arches, more Gothic-looking than later ones, and a cloister made of pillars taken from

twenty-seven sacked Jain temples, very finely carved. More famous, but (I think) less beautiful, is the minar, which is nearly two hundred and forty feet high, a queer tapering shape, but too like a vast factory chimney to be very pleasing. It was three hundred feet, but the top was knocked off by lightning. You can see it looking very big from here, eleven miles off.

Besides the ruins, the most interesting things were a series of well-preserved Moghul tombs, showing the development of that style. The earliest existing Moghul tomb, Humayun's (Akbar's father), who died in 1556, is here, not three miles from the latest one, Safdar Jang's, who died 1754, two years before the sack of Delhi by the Afghans.

The Durbar *was* very good; from the purely æsthetic point of view it was worth all the week's discomfort, and as a political education in imagination it may even be worth all the money spent on it.

The way the theatre was laid out was like this. A circular space was enclosed, on the south by a small semicircular covered stand for twelve thousand people, on the north by a big open mound for fifty thousand. In the centre of the big circle was a high platform (thirty steps), with two solid silver-gilt thrones under a silver and gold canopy; and within the sector of the smaller circle was a sumptuous pavilion of gold and silver, supported on silver-gilt poles with gold tent-ropes, containing two gilt thrones on a raised dais, with two lesser pairs

of thrones below, on the right for the Hardinges and on the left for Lord Crewe and the Duchess of Devonshire.

The King and Queen arrived at twelve o'clock in purple and ermine robes, the King crowned, and drove round, past one half of the mound stand, then in, past the high platform, to the pavilion or *shamiana*. For some unexplained but no doubt excellent reason I was given about the best seat in the place, in the front row of unofficial people, just opposite the *shamiana* and not thirty yards from it.

The scene was brilliant quite beyond description. The distant mound was like a vast tulip-bed of turbans : the flower-like effect was heightened by the fact that large schools occupied blocks of it, having uniform turbans : in this way were formed a yellow bed, a green one, a purple one, a sky-blue one, an orange one, and several white ones. In front of these came the massed scarlet of eighteen thousand troops disposed round the gorgeous crimson and gold platform. The steps of the latter were crimson with broad gold rods, but the strong sun made such a dazzling glitter on these that the whole staircase at times seemed to be made of gold. Over the platform was a golden dome that fixed and focused the whole scene : its gold was not glittering, but frosted to an even lustre, like that of a glass lamp-shade. The thrones on the platform faced away from us and towards the mound. From the platform a broad carpeted way led to the *shamiana*, and this was not troop-lined, so that there was a

completely open grass space in the middle foreground, and this was extremely effective.

From the *shamiana* three or four steps led down to the open carpeted space just in front of our seats, the front row of which was occupied by the chiefs and other homage-doers.

After the King had made a formal speech, the homage began. First the Viceroy went up, knelt and kissed hands; then the others one by one came forward and made bows, nobody coming up to the King or touching him. He bowed slightly in return to each, and so did the Queen: she had a splendid dress of white satin embroidered with gold, a tiara of diamonds and emeralds, and diamonds and emeralds on her breast—the emeralds almost as big as the rajahs'.

Each rajah came up by himself, very slow and stately, and when he passed across the open carpeted space his jewels sparkled and flashed in the sun in a way which made one wonder why people ever troubled to wear jewels in the evening. The diamonds were far and away the most effective, and most of them had magnificent diamonds. Some of the finest jewels were worn by the King's and Queen's pages, little rajahs of from seven to thirteen years old, headed by Jodhpur. They were not uniformly dressed, but all wore some sort of cloth-of-gold dresses, and yellow or gold or orange turbans. These turbans are made of a wonderful shimmering stuff, which the ladies said is never seen in Europe: all the chiefs had it. It looks like a

very fine gauzy silk shot with gold and silver, and gives a different sheen with every movement. The biggest jewel of all is always worn in the front of the turban, and from it often rises either an aigrette or else a spray of diamonds, pearls, or rubies: I never saw a sapphire at all on any Indian.

After the homage the King and Queen moved in a truly Oriental procession along the carpeted way to the high platform, attended by pages, umbrella-bearers, men with golden implements like long-handled aces of spades, to keep the sun off at the sides, men with fly-protectors, men with golden spice-horns, and the Imperial Cadet Corps in attendance. Then followed a proclamation and much saluting and trumpeting and band-playing, and then a procession back again to the *shamiana*, where the King made the dramatic announcement of the transfer of the capital and the restoration of Bengal.

The official world does not altogether seem to relish this scheme. They vary greatly: Bombay officials mostly welcome it, as it brings Bombay trade. Whether the others oppose it from mere conservatism, or because it reverses Lord Curzon's policy, or because it benefits the seditious Bengalis, I don't know. But it strikes one that part of the official world has got into unsatisfactory relations with the native world. The soldiers and the old-fashioned officials seem out of sympathy with native aspirations.

Thursday, 14*th*.—It is astonishing how this show

is prolonged from day to day without a sense of anti-climax. This is made possible by the skilful variation of the pageants. Yesterday's garden-party and fête was a wonderful sight and entirely different from the rest. It was held in the Fort, which is only less lovely than Agra Fort, and in the same style. The chief difference is that the inlay work is mostly not of precious stones but of gold, and the rest of it is really paint, in many places; and it has suffered from the looters of the eighteenth century. But all the fountains were running, which added greatly to the effect: and the gardens had been prettily bedded out.

Between the Fort and the River Jamna is a flat, bare space five hundred yards wide and three-quarters of a mile long. This space was filled with dense masses of natives—I should be afraid to say how many, but far the biggest crowd I have ever seen: and looking down from above, the sea of turbans was a very wonderful spectacle: it stretched as far as one could see in every direction, in places a moving crowd, in places a packed mass. Presently the King and Queen appeared in crown and robes, and sat on their silver thrones in a projecting marble balcony, and got a tremendous welcome from the crowd below. Then the natives of various States collected in mobs round banners, and marched past wearing uniform turbans of bright colours, and waving innumerable little flags of the same colour.

This lasted till sunset, and then, as it got dark,

the Fort was illuminated most beautifully. The whole of the battlements were outlined in lights: others were hung right in and upon the trees, like fruit; and the various marble pavilions and waterfalls were lit with soft lamps. It was lovely, though it inevitably bore a family resemblance to the White City. It was odd how by artificial light the stucco buildings looked as good as, or better than, the marble ones.

Then they finished up with fine fireworks in the Bela below, and the rockets showed up the huge crowd, now even denser than before.

I am writing this at the Review, the last of the great shows; they have fifty thousand troops here, and the general effect is fine, but at present they are a long way off.

To-night is the Investiture, which ought to be the finest of the evening functions—the Reception was ordinary—but the mail leaves before it.

I hope to see some more of the Fort before I leave to-morrow. I am cutting the State departure, as it is a purely European procession and won't be worth waiting for; and as soon as the King goes there will be such a rush away that I am told I could not get a place for three days; so I am leaving to-morrow night for Jaipur. I mean to spend next week visiting Jaipur, Ajmere, Chitor, and Udaipur, which are all in Rajputana on the railway between here and Bombay.

. . . There are endless other things to record and reflections to make, but are they not written in the books of the Chronicles?

III

THE RAJPUT CITIES AND AHMEDABAD

i Cost of travelling—An alarm at the Investiture—Jaipur—Amber—A Brahman A.D.C.—Ajmere—The Dargah—Pushkar Lake—Udaipur—ii Chitor—Ahmedabad—The I.C.S.—Famine work—Difficulties—The camels and the trees—Politeness unrewarded—The chief constable and the dacoits—Difficulty of obtaining evidence.

i

December 18, 1911, JAIPUR.—I enclose a sketch-map with my proposed itinerary marked in ink; it is a great deal of ground to cover. The first tour, which I am doing now, and which lasts till I get back to Bombay on January 8th, means over two thousand miles of railway travelling. I think travelling here is a little dearer than in Europe, as one must always go first-class and do one's sight-seeing in a carriage, and a servant really is necessary. On the other hand, one gets a good deal of hospitality here and there. Apart from the Durbar, I think it will work out at about twenty rupees a day, which equals twenty-seven shillings; but I shall know better at the end of the month.

The only incident at Delhi after the last mail left was a momentary alarm of fire at the Investiture. A tent, only four tents off, was burnt down, and the noise of the fire-engines, etc., made it seem as though it was our huge tent that was on fire, and some one cried "Fire!" Every one rose to their feet, except the King and his *entourage*, who went on calmly investing. Three thousand people in a tent with only one exit to the open air—a tent which would not have taken ten minutes to burn—it was a blood-curdling moment. Then someone said sternly, "Sit down!" and the men did so, the women kept quiet, and every one soon realized that the fire was a little way off.

I left Delhi on Friday night; the station was an indescribable pandemonium. Thousands of natives blocked the entrance, all shouting, and it took nearly half an hour to get to the platform, and only then because I was white, and the native next you always gives way when he sees you are white.

This place is one hundred and ninety miles south-west of Delhi, and a good deal warmer. At Delhi I wanted my thick overcoat till ten o'clock, if sitting still, and again after five; but between twelve and three it was unpleasantly hot to walk, though in the shade it was never more than 70° (I should say), and at night it was very cold. Here it is like Nice in April, without the cold spells.

Jaipur is a purely native city, not very old

(eighteenth century), but most picturesque, with all the houses pink-washed a warm rose-colour and very wide main streets, like boulevards. These are brimfull of leisurely moving people in bright colours—a main industry here is dyeing muslin brilliant reds and orange—and equally leisurely animals, all as tame as can be—dogs, goats, pigeons (in great flocks), monkeys (very tame), but chiefly cows and bulls. When any rich man dies he lets loose a bull on the streets, where it wanders for the rest of its days, fed by the charitable. It is very touching, but rather delays the traffic, as there are scores of them in every street.

The show buildings are disappointing and less worth seeing than the streets. The only really fine one is the Albert Museum, built by Sir Swinton Jacobs. There is a church, but apparently no clergyman.

The chief sight is seven miles away, the old deserted capital, Amber, built on the side of one of the steep hills which overlook this town on three sides. It has a palace of the great Moghul period (1630), but in an entirely Hindu version of that style.

Far the finest thing in it was a set of rooms panelled and ceiled in that mica and plaster mirror-work which I described at Agra; but this one was much more beautiful. I have got a photograph of it which shows the design, but not, of course, the light effects.

We made the expedition to Amber partly in

a carriage and partly on an elephant, conducted by a Brahman A.D.C. of the Maharajah's. He was well-read in English literature and talked a good deal about it; but what interested me most was his attitude to the Presbyterian mission here. He was warmly in favour of it, on the ground that it educated the children and "did excellent medical and moral work," and never converted any one, except "sweeper-caste and such-like," who had something to gain by abandoning Hinduism. I wonder if the exception is as negligible as he seems to think.

Tuesday, 19*th*, AJMERE.—I got here safely last night. This morning I went to see the Dargah, where there is the tomb of another saint of the Chishti family. Round it pious princes have built courts, mosques, pavilions, tanks, and gateways, in marble or whitewashed stone: several of them good, but none *very* good. Behind it was a huge pit or ravine with water at the bottom (a hundred feet below), which I was told would cure all my complaints; but I preferred my complaint. This tank is called the Jhalra: it is the scene of the Breaking of the Pitcher in the Broken Road.

Much finer was the ruined mosque of Kutab-ud-din, very like his mosque near Delhi I saw last week. Here the only thing left was the mosque itself, the cloisters having disappeared. The arches were extremely fine and beautifully inscribed.

After lunch I went to a little lake where there is a very handsome marble embankment, with Shah Jahan pavilions along it, restored by Lord Curzon.

Then I went on to the Pushkar Lake, seven miles out. This is the most sacred lake in India, and the drive to it is through the first picturesque scenery I have found since leaving Bombay. The plain of Ajmere is surrounded on all sides by hills of the size and shape of the hills in the Ægean, but a dull brown colour. I drove over a *nek* between two of these and down into a straggling valley between steep hills, and at the end of it was the lake.

It is quite small, about four hundred yards by three hundred, and nearly rectangular, with a kind of overflow lakelet. Two entire sides are embanked, and have alternately houses built right into the water and temples with *ghats*—broad flights of marble steps leading down into the water. On the other two sides there are a few temples. In the evening sun it looked quite lovely, with its background of hills. The foreground was much enriched by the animal life: innumerable fishes which jumped in shoals at the food which pilgrims were throwing them; parties of cormorants which dived and rose in unison, looking very odd; bitterns and a pale-blue kingfisher, pigeons and numbers of peacocks sunning themselves on the walls and steps; and a huge old crocodile, which came quite close to me to have a look, or expecting food.

I successfully got rid, after struggles, of the guides, who tried to tell me which rajahs had built which temples, as if that mattered, and enjoyed the scene hugely till nearly sunset.

Wednesday, UDAIPUR.—Owing to the Durbar disorganization we missed our connection this morning at Chitor (Chitor Fort looks splendid from the railway: I shall try and see it on my way back from here), and only got here at 4 p.m. instead of 10 a.m.

This city is generally said to be the most beautiful in India, and I can quite believe it, so far as situation goes, from the little I've seen. It stands on the steep bank of a lake—a lake about a mile across at the widest, and shaped like an irregular triangle and surrounded by rugged, jungly hills on all sides. The city slopes steeply down right into the water, which is bordered by embankments, temples, and *ghats*, and at one end rises the pile of the Maharana's palace. Every building is either whitewashed or marble, and ornamented in the usual way with balconies, screened loggias, cupolas, and domes.

There are also two islands on the lake with white palaces on them and tall palms. The whole picture at sunset, the city lit up, the mountains silhouetted, the lake reflecting the gold and purple of the clouds, was unbelievably beautiful; and when the sun was set the city seemed to

grow whiter and the trees greener, and every moment gave it a new charm.

The mail is going.

ii

December 28, 1911, AHMEDABAD.—The last morning at Udaipur I got up early and was rowed about the lake from eight to half-past nine. It was delicious. I went to the far end and got fairly close to the feeding waterfowl. Altogether I made out twenty-three different kinds, including five ducks and two kinds of geese, one in great numbers.

I travelled down again on Friday and slept at Chitorgarh. Here Peer Mahomed (my servant) showed me a bad place on his foot: he had scratched a flea-bite and it had inflamed all up his leg. So I opened the place with my razor and squirted in perchloride of mercury (one in fifteen hundred) with my syringe. He whistled a bit at the time, but the operation, *plus* a cold compress, proved a great success, and next morning the inflammation was almost gone and he hardly limped.

I got up very early and drove up to Chitor Fort. It looks fine from below, rising five hundred feet steeply to a long ridge from the plain. It made an imposing silhouette against the sunrise. When I got up, I found it too much in ruins to

be easily taken in, except the great Tower of Victory, built in 1400 odd. It was a curious polygonal shape, each story with its angles over the sides of the one below it. It is nine stories high and full of re-entrant angles which give great play of light and shade. Every inch inside and out is elaborately carved and very well: but the carving is subdued, so as not to spoil the general unity (as it so often does here). It is all of a rich golden-brown sandstone.

From Chitor I had to go back to Ajmere, where the Queen's visit had thrown the trains into hopeless confusion. Mine was nearly three hours late: however, I got away at last at midnight and arrived here (it is fifteen hours from Ajmere) at three o'clock on Sunday, Christmas Eve.

I have stayed here four days, partly to get a peaceful Christmas and partly to see a University friend.

I have done a certain amount of sight-seeing, and there are several good temples and mosques here, though the only *alpha plus* things are two windows in a mosque, entirely filled with stone tracery like the most delicate lacework. They are said to be the best in all India.

But the chief interest of staying here is the glimpse I have got of I.C.S. social life. I am enormously impressed by the I.C.S. spirit and work altogether. It breeds a self-reliance which *we* see only in the navy. My friend, for instance, left Oxford just a year ago: he has already been

six months in charge of a sub-district, a place of about the area and population of Hertfordshire. Here he is the sole responsible white man; big things he has to refer to his collector; but he does all the ordinary administration on his own. He goes round visiting every village, audits the accounts and registers, tries all cases up to six months' imprisonment, hears complaints, arbitrates disputes, inspects the wells, roads, and sanitation. If there is any crime or distress, it is he on whom the population depend for succour. Left to themselves they are quite helpless.

Just now he is double-worked by reason of the famine. His district is the centre of it. They had seven inches of rain instead of a normal forty, and crops in proportion. He has to go round ascertaining how many men are out of work by reason of the failure of the crop. Whereever necessary, he opens relief-works of well-digging, and puts those who can't work on to the free dole list. The whole district has fifty thousand men on relief-works and nineteen thousand on the free doles. Then he has to save the cattle, either concentrating them and sending food to them, or transporting them to districts where fodder is plentiful.

These cattle are a great difficulty and expense: every peasant has two or three of them. To kill them would so outrage Hindu feeling as to make further work impossible—indeed, it would raise rebellion. If you leave them with their

owners, they are fed, but the owner and family starve, especially the family. He will spend his relief wages, first on cattle and self, secondly on wife and children, and thirdly on father and mother.

Another thing the Government does is to advance money to the landlords and farmers to enable them to keep their men employed and at least sow next year's crop. The danger nowadays is not actual scarcity of grain, since that can be brought by rail, but acute unemployment. No monsoon means no harvest, and so no wages for the coolie, and no capital for the ryot to start next year's work with.

I have heard a lot here about the difficulties of policing the districts. The two great obstacles are, first, that you can never be sure your police are straight: they are always liable to be suborning false evidence and blackmailing innocent people, or else to be bribed by the criminals to mishandle their case. Secondly, the people will never give evidence if they can help it, and will often swear to the innocence of criminals whom they have actually seen committing the crime. Of the numerous yarns I heard on the subject (all from the personal experiences of district officers), three just illustrate these particular difficulties.

The first happened to a collector in Sindh. He was riding along one morning when a man came up to him very much excited and in great distress, crying for justice. The collector asked him what was the matter, and he said his camels had been

impounded by a policeman for no just cause. "You're lying," said the collector, from politeness or habit; but the man persisted, and so the collector rode with him to the pound, where, behold, were seventy-six camels.

The collector then found the policeman and asked him why he had impounded them. The policeman replied, "Sahib, these camels were trampling and spoiling the young trees planted by the canal-side, and this rascal refused to restrain them." So the collector turned crossly to the man and said, "What the deuce do you mean by complaining to me?" or vernacular to that effect. But the man shook his head sadly and said, "There were no trees." Thinking this little discrepancy rather curious, the collector rode down to the canal, taking both parties with him, though the policeman remembered an urgent engagement elsewhere. Arrived at the canal, no sign of a tree. So the collector freezingly inquired where the trees that had been trampled were. "Oh, sahib, the trees which this accursed man's camels have trampled are to be planted next spring!"

A remark like that shows up a little of the difficulty there must be in administration on Western lines where the most elementary Western presuppositions can't be relied on. If that case had been sent up to the collector on paper, he would probably have believed the policeman against the camel-man. As it was, he tried to get the policeman sacked.

I must say I thought the police at Delhi were rather ruffians. They knocked native drivers about far more than the white Tommies did. The worst of it is that the natives regard oppression as the normal conduct of a Government official, and won't grasp that the Government is on their side.

Another demoralizing fact is that the worse you behave to them the better they behave to you. I heard a story from Cocks, in Bombay, which illustrates this. Some years ago he was in the bazaar at Calcutta and wanted change for a fifty-rupee note. There was a whole row of squatting old merchants, each with piles of money by him : so he politely asked one of them if he would change his note. The man only refused surlily and spat. All down the line it was the same, rudeness and expectoration ; till suddenly a big negro sailor who was watching came up to him with a grin and said, "Sah, you too dam civil to these chaps : you gib me de note." He then took the note and went up to the nearest merchant and shook his fist in his face. Result, note cashed in less than no time.

But, to return to the police, the second failing I mentioned is brought out by this story, which I heard from the man it happened to. A *dacoity* occurred in his collectorate. (A *dacoity* is robbery with violence by a gang.) The chief constable was on the track of the *dacoits*, but appealed for help. So the collector got together some mounted police and rode all day, covering seventy miles in a fruit-

less effort to catch up. He had just dismounted at sunset, when a man rode breathlessly in to say that the constable had rounded up the dacoits on a hill some four miles away and urgently needed help. So they all remounted and pressed on. Arrived at the hill, they found the constable and his men alone.

"Where are the *dacoits?*" cried the collector.

"*Dacoits?* There are no *dacoits* here, *sahib.*"

"But, you sent this man to fetch me and help you catch them."

"No, *sahib*, that fool has made a mistake. There were some peaceful travellers here, whom I questioned and found to be quite harmless. That is all."

So the collector had to sleep there and ride home again next day. He had not gone far when the "fool" appeared cautiously out of the jungle, and said: "There was no mistake, *sahib.* I did not deceive you. I gave the message as the chief constable gave it to me. But while I was gone, the *dacoits* gave him half the booty and he let them go."

Inquiry proved this to be the truth: and this was a chief constable, a man who had risen by years of service and was responsible for the policing of a district as large as a county. Apparently you can never be sure that your own police won't betray you like this: so naturally the English civil servants feel rather aggrieved that when these scandals come to light abuse is heaped (by English M.P.'s) on *them*, though all their efforts are directed to-

wards trying to keep their native subordinates straight.

What astonishes *me* is that the same M.P.'s who dilate on these abuses are in the same breath urging the supersession of English officials by Indians.

As to the difficulty of obtaining evidence, the following example is one of many. A leading man in a village openly cut off the head of another before the eyes of a Government clerk and *pattiwallah* (*i.e.*, messenger) and a score of villagers. He threatened to kill any one who gave information. No villager said a word. The clerk, after five days' hesitation, told, not his own native superior, but another. The latter, being an enemy of the clerk's superior, refused to believe the story. No white official heard of the matter for nine months, and it was a year before the man was brought to trial. Even then the evidence was hopelessly conflicting. The judge, an Indian, was glad to find this ground of acquittal, and the murderer got off.

In another case of the same sort a father had seen his son murdered, and then swore it was an accident, for purely sentimental reasons, because the murderer was his nephew. Sometimes this reluctance is due to intimidation; but more often because the frame of mind of the average man is not, as in England, "I may be the next victim: therefore I will help the law"; but "I may be the next murderer; therefore I will thwart the law." The whole tradition of the people is that the

Government's interest is not theirs, and this attitude makes civilization next to impossible, as it does in schools. They have no glimmering of the boon that security of life and property is: and consequently they haven't got it, as they might easily have if they wanted it.

IV

PALITANA, MOUNT ABU

Indian railways—An unexpected honour—Satranjaya—The Jains—Kathiawar—A pathetic wardship—Hospitality—Isolation and insularity—Abu—The Dilwarra temples—Caste—Fatalism—A case for the S.P.R.

December 31, 1911, MOUNT ABU.—Before coming here, I had a most interesting trip to Palitana. As the map shows, it is away down in a corner of Kathiawar, where travellers scarcely ever go; in fact, the railway was only opened in November, and is not marked on the map. It is the capital of a Native State, and close to it is the holy mountain Satranjaya, a famous place of pilgrimage.

The guide-book said there was a dak bungalow there—*i.e.*, a little rest-house provided by Government where there are no hotels; so I telegraphed for breakfast to be ready there, and travelled by night from Ahmedabad.

Railway travelling is a vile business here. The trains are very slow (well under twenty miles an hour), dirty, and roundabout (*e.g.*, to get from Udaipur to Abu last week, fifty-five miles as the

crow flies, I had to travel three hundred and seventy-five miles by train, as the map will show you). You invariably start, arrive, or change at about 3 a.m. But what is far worse is the native crowd. A native who wishes to travel always comes to the station twelve or fifteen hours before the train is due. Innumerable others who don't wish to travel come to gossip with the passengers and guard. Consequently every station is choc-a-bloc with a very dirty and malodorous horde of men and women, all chattering as loud as they can bawl, pausing only to spit every tenth or eleventh second (they chew betel-nut, which produces pints of crimson spittle, too disgusting for words), jostling each other and blocking the whole platform with their bundles of bedding, while at intervals the hawkers of glutinous foodstuffs utter intolerable droning calls from the midst of a seething, pestilential swarm of flies.

This is a true picture of every station; and every train (except mails) stops at every station a quarter of an hour for purposes of gossip, and at all large stations half an hour or an hour; *e.g.*, on the way to Palitana the train stopped fifty-five minutes at Virangam (change), thirty minutes at Wadhwan, thirty-five at Dhola, twenty-five at Sihor (change), and fifteen or at least ten minutes at sixteen others. Consequently we took twelve and a half hours to cover a hundred and seventy miles.

However, I got to Palitana at last at 9 a.m. and was met on the platform—to my natural surprise—

by the Prime Minister of the State! There was no dak bungalow, and so my telegram had been taken to the Administrator, the only white man in the place, and he, having a proper sense of what is due to *sahib-log*, had told the Prime Minister to meet me and see that I was cared for in the Maharajah's guest-house. So I was put into a *tonga* and told that I should find breakfast at the guest-house. The servant here, however, in spite of my telegram, was of opinion that I should prefer to climb the mountain on an empty stomach, and had only provided tea and biscuits. I could get nothing else but *chapathi* (an alias for dough rolled out flat): as for bread, there was no such thing in the city. Fortunately, I had brought some provisions, and managed to make a sort of meal. But before starting for the mountain I impressed on the Prime Minister's A.D.C. that I hoped for something more substantial when I came down.

The *tonga* took me to the foot of the Satranjaya Mountain. It stands two thousand feet straight out of the flat plain, and there is a Pilgrims' Way up the side—a steep paved path varied by flights of steps: an average gradient of one in ten and about four miles in length. You could see it like a ribbon up the mountain side, thickly dotted with red and white figures, ascending and descending.

I was taken up in a *dholi*, which is a square small mattress slung on two poles and carried by four men. It took an hour and a quarter to get up. The whole top of the mountain is occupied by a

city of Jain temples. There are two ridges and a depression between, and the whole area is covered with these temples, scores of them. There are nineteen chief temples, each with courtyards and shrines round them ; and the rest of the ground is filled up by minor temples, ranging in date from A.D. 1100 to the present day, but all of the same regular Jain type. By the way, if you want to know what these temples are like and to understand how Jain architecture differs from Hindu, etc., you might get Fergusson's "History of Indian Architecture," which has pictures of all the temples I am likely to see or mention, and is well indexed. It is a very celebrated work out here: it was there that I first saw a picture and description of Palitana, which made me wish to visit it.

The Jains are not a very big sect : they are analogous to the Quakers in Christendom. Their founder was a contemporary of Buddha's, and, like Gautama, a reformer of Hinduism, whose followers afterwards broke away from Hinduism. What the difference is between Jainism and Buddhism I can't quite discover : all the Jain temples have statues of Buddha as the chief image. (No, not Buddha, I find, but one of the twenty-four Tirthankers or deified Jain saints. Buddha may be one of them.) The best-known characteristic of the Jains is their extreme doctrine of the sanctity of life. The Hindu does not kill wantonly, but except for cows, monkeys, and peacocks, and local sacred beasts, he will kill under provocation. The Buddhist is much stricter,

and won't even kill snakes. But with the Jain it amounts to fanaticism. Not only won't he kill even a flea (their holy men carry brushes to sweep insects out of their path, lest they should tread on one), but he makes great efforts to keep things alive at all costs. They put up beautifully carved feeding-places for birds, and they build homes for diseased cattle, which are to our ideas horribly cruel, for they keep animals there with broken legs and festering sores. At Ahmedabad I met a string of about fifty Jain women carrying canvas bags from which water was trickling. On inquiry I found they were carrying all the fish from a pond ten miles away, which had dried up, to another pond where there was water.

Their whole character seems to be of a piece with this. Like their namesake, they are gentle and as good as gold. They are men of peace, devout and simple: and in Palitana at least they were most friendly, showed me everything, though none of them knew a word of English, and made no demands for *backshish*. The very *dholi*-coolies only asked for eight annas each for carrying me up the mountain and down again—I wouldn't walk it for eight rupees.

From the city there is an illimitable view of burnt brown plain with the sea in the dim distance to the south-east. All India that I have seen since Delhi (viz., Rajputana, Gujerat, and Kathiawar) is bare brown plain, with occasional ranges of bare brown hills. From July to October it is said to be

bright green and then gradually dries up: but this year, owing to the monsoon's failure, it is already as brown as it is usually in March, and the trees are bare as well. One can just see where the grass once was, but the only noticeable vegetation on the plains is cactus and thorn, both sparse. This makes the jungle look much barer than the veldt with its grass: it is more like the Karoo and the Kalahari: but the soil is not such a red brown here. Wherever there is enough water to irrigate a few acres you see an emerald-green patch; but they are few and far between: nine rivers out of every ten are absolutely dry. Even the Sabarmati at Ahmedabad, which in flood-time is four hundred yards wide, thirty feet deep, and a rushing torrent, is now about fifty yards wide and one foot deep.

I got back to Palitana about half-past three, had a bath, and found a solid five-course meal prepared, which I gladly consumed. After that I went to call on the Administrator. He, his wife, and her sister were the only white people in the State. He had been there six years, seventeen miles from a railway until last November. He runs the State autocratically, for the Rajah is only eleven. I saw him, poor little boy! and felt very sorry for him. He has to live with the Administrator, since his life would not be worth a month's purchase in the zenana, among his mother's rivals. He can only visit his mother occasionally and in charge of a trustworthy guardian, and of course mustn't touch any food there. He was one of the Queen's pages at Delhi, and when I saw

him he was dressed up in his Durbar clothes and jewels, as he was going to visit his mother and show them to her.

The Administrator's wife had made a most lovely garden, full of flowers and fruit, which showed what a splendid soil that bare brown earth would be if it could get water. Her vines were incredibly big for two years old.

He is just going to be shifted, at which he groused a bit: he said he had got to know and be trusted by the people and could be really useful in Palitana: in his new place it would mean starting all over again, new language and everything. I heard just the same complaint in Ahmedabad. A young man very rarely gets even three years in one district, and is being perpetually shifted to places where language and customs are entirely different. It is all done by the central Government at Bombay, and they move people about quite irrespective of their qualifications.

January 4, MOUNT ABU, RAJPUTANA.—The chaplain here has been most kind and put me up for a week. It is wonderful how hospitable people are here: if you have a mutual acquaintance at all, they are quite offended if you go to a hotel. I think it is all part of the "two thousand to one" feeling which pervades the whole atmosphere—the feeling that each Englishman is holding two thousand natives; so that white colour is a passport to hospitality. Also people are lonely and like company. Oddly enough

they don't welcome one as being lately from home. No one out here takes the smallest interest in English affairs.

Nor do people take any interest in Indian politics either. That is, I suppose, the result of autocracy. They follow *Bombay* politics to a certain extent, though far less than in England. But a question like the partition of Bengal excites not the faintest interest on the "Bombay side": no one knows anything about it. As you say, it is a question for the experts, so I shall have to wait till I get to Bengal before I hear anything worth recording about it. I told you what I heard at Delhi: but I have met no Bengal people yet. No Bombay man ever goes to Bengal. Leave is invariably stored up till one can go to England: and consequently I have met lots of men with twenty or thirty years' experience of Bombay Presidency and all its peoples, who are literally more ignorant of, say, the United Provinces than I am. This curious condition seems typical of the dividedness of India. At Delhi unity was the note. Away from it I am more and more impressed by the fact that, apart from the Raj, India is, or would be, merely a geographical expression.

I do think it is a great pity I.C.S. men don't travel more, but one can't blame them. I do blame some of their wives, however. Occasionally they aggravate me beyond words—and some of the soldiers are nearly as bad. To talk to them one might think the population of India was one hundred and fifty thousand

and white. "Agra?—No: I've never been there: not a bad place, I believe; Northumberland Fusiliers isn't it? . . . Jaipur? Where's that?—Oh! *there!* That's a native place, isn't it? You *must* go to Peshawar . . . the best dances going: I simply long to go there," etc. As for history, I believe if you asked them when Indian history began, they'd say "With Clive, I suppose!"

To return to the Partition for a moment, the thing I should like to know was whether Lord Curzon did it purely for administrative efficiency or from political motives as well. Lovat Fraser emphatically says the first, and at present I gather that is true. If so, it seems to me that the new arrangement is demonstrably more efficient, though of course more expensive.

This place is extremely pretty, four thousand feet up in the Aravalli Hills. The scenery reminds one of the Alpes Maritimes behind Beaulieu, only the colouring is browner. They have had some rain here (though not much), and so there is more vegetation than below; the mountain-sides are covered with shrubs—the only ones in flower now are the jessamine bushes. There is a little lake at the end of the town, and from the tops of the hills one can look right over the plain, five thousand feet below.

The place is the hot-weather resort of the Rajputana Government. . . . It is famous for the two Dilwarra temples, about a mile from here, dated A.D. 1000 and 1100. They are small, but inside are most exquisitely carved—the most elaborate and

delicate marble carving in India. It is quite impossible to describe, and so far I have failed to get any photographs of it, but I hope to.

I have had two days' shooting—total bag one spur-fowl.

January 5, 1912, MOUNT ABU.—On Monday I went to see the Dilwarra temples. Like all really first-class things, they exceed their description: their carving easily surpasses any I have ever seen anywhere. The ceilings are the chief marvel: their construction is astonishingly complex, but the effect is not a bit laboured. I believe it took seven years to repair three square yards of it, where the pigeons had knocked off the pendants.

As in all Jain temples, I had to leave outside my umbrella, my dog, and my low-caste servant. What can be said of a religion which gives one-fifth of the population the same rights of worship as an umbrella! The sweeper-caste's position really does seem to me intolerable—all the dirty work, no rights, and no hope: since it is a fundamental principle that as a man is born so he must die. A very little education must surely drive him to revolt.

The Jain temples are full of scores of images of one of the twenty-four deified Tirthankers or saints. The ritual and chanting looks and sounds, at a short distance, very like a Roman Mass. Whether Jainism is necessarily idolatrous I don't know: I expect the ordinary pilgrims do worship the actual image. Popular Hinduism seems to be a most

extreme and childish form of idolatry—so absurd that it can't survive among educated men. At present the educated classes, being high-caste and therefore "bosses," cling to a Hinduism voided of all its definite content or else become pure materialists.

The famine years rather brought out the view which the Brahmans take of the low-caste people, to judge by the quaint stories I've heard. Apparently the Maharana of Udaipur was highly indignant when asked to organize relief works for the Bhils in his State, who were starving in thousands. The Bhils are great thieves and poachers, rather gipsyish and unruly, and the Maharana had been chortling at their extermination. "I have been thanking God," he pathetically remarked, "that He has been pleased to rid me of these troublesome Bhils. Why do you wish me to undo the work of God when He is kind?"

And the poor people themselves regard this as quite a normal attitude. When a free-food bureau was opened by the English residents at Neemuch in 1900, the natives wouldn't touch the food, even though they were starving, because they believed the *sahibs* wanted to poison them and so have less trouble in collecting their corpses than if they starved all about the district.

Another typical refusal occurred later on in that year when cholera followed the famine. The English had the wells analysed and warned the people which were infected, but they paid no attention, saying, "We shall not get cholera unless

it be God's will, and if it be God's will we have no right to try and thwart it." Which seems to show that the doctrine of free-will is the foundation of civilization.

I must just tell you one more story I heard about another queer rub-up of East and West. This time it was between a *jogi* and an English police-inspector in Kathiawar. The *jogi*, *i.e.*, holy man, claimed Divine inspiration, and attracted such a multitude of followers that the police took notice of it. So the inspector sent for the *jogi* and questioned him. The *jogi* said he could read men's inner thoughts. "Read mine then," said the inspector. The *jogi* asked for a night's preparation "to speak with the stars." In the morning he brought three sealed envelopes and laid them at the inspector's feet. "Let the *sahib* think of a flower," he said. So the inspector thought of "Mignonette" and said, "I have thought."

"Let the sahib open the first writing."

He opened it and found a scrap of paper on which was written "MIGNONETTE" in scrawly capitals. He was much surprised, as there was no possibility of a trick. Then the *jogi* said again, "Let the *sahib* think of a jewel," and again the one he thought of was written on the paper inside the envelope. So when the *jogi* said for the third time, "Let the *sahib* think of a city," he determined to think of one the *jogi* had never heard of, and selected Johannesburg. As soon as he had

thought of it he picked up the third envelope, and on opening it found a paper with "JOHANISIBURG" written on it!

I heard this from the inspector himself, and he said that an English scientist had had a go at the *jogi* afterwards and had been scored off every time. Apparently the *jogi* could force thoughts as a conjuror forces cards.

V

FROM ABU TO KARLI

Indian views of government—Minor officials—The Ghats—Karli.

January 11, 1912, LONAVLA JUNCTION, G.I.P.— . . . Apropos of what you say about Indians in the I.C.S., of course the whole crux of the question is simply "Is there a sufficient supply of Indians who've got the moral, political, and common sense requisite for responsible administration?" One ought to add perhaps "according to Western ideas," for we can never give up insisting on the application of *some* of our political ideas, such as liberty and justice and government for the good of the subject. The trouble is that Indians haven't yet accepted even these: *their* political ideas are seen in operation in the Native States, and a purely Indian I.C.S. would inevitably try to run its administration more on those lines than on ours; and that would, I should think, produce a total breakdown of the Western machinery we have set up.

Many Englishmen think the Native State method of government is more congenial to the people than ours and should be encouraged. I heard this view urged by a civilian who has been several years in a Native State as Diwan, and helping to introduce Western reforms there. For instance, they have had compulsory free education there for the last eight years, but it has made very little difference. The poorer classes don't send their children unless they are driven, and the native inspectors are slack. Yet Nationalists give you glowing accounts of the progress of universal education in that State, which is an instance of how they will state and live upon an idea quite regardless of whether there is any fact corresponding to it. I believe they are really unable to distinguish between the intention and the effect of a policy.

Even in British India the civilians are hard put to it to make the administration efficient, because they can get absolutely no co-operation from the people. I heard some more about the difficulties of famine relief from one of the Gujerat men only yesterday. The direst extremities won't induce them to stir a yard beyond their accustomed range. One village flatly refused to come to some relief works because they would have had to cross a river which it was not their custom to cross (not from any religious reason). So they just starved contentedly. Similarly, if the man in charge of the works huffs them, they

revenge themselves by boycotting his works and dying.

But where the relief is properly managed I'm told they *are* grateful, at least in remote parts. Where there is a native paper available it turns them against the Government. The men all sit round in the evenings while the wise man of the village reads it out, and it distorts every act of Government till it seems a selfish, blood-sucking piece of tyranny, and enough dirt sticks to kill all gratitude.

The people who suffer most from this want of co-operation are the police. I think I told you some stories last week about the natives' reluctance to give evidence. Of course, this is partly due to intimidation, but still more, I gather, to their wholly passive view of their relation to the State. And so far from thinking, " I may be the next victim," and so helping to convict a murderer, they are much more likely to argue, "I may be the next murderer" and so help him to escape.

Another instance of the total absence of the idea of co-operation, on the other side, so to speak, is the way the petty officials use their powers to bully or bleed every one they can take advantage of. I saw a little incident at the station at Bombay this morning which roused my wrath. An English Tommy was in a hurry to catch the 7.30 train for Sialkot (near Kashmir). The booking-clerk deliberately ignored him for some minutes, though he was doing nothing, then he surlily

denied the existence of the train and refused to issue a ticket; finally he shouted most offensively, "It is too late; it would take ten minutes to make out [the ticket], and you shan't have it, so there!' and flung the Government order for the ticket back in the Tommy's face. I told the Tommy to travel without a ticket, which he did, but he will naturally relieve his feelings on the first native who annoys him unprotected by a grille.

From what I've seen of them, the booking-office Babus are a poisonous crowd. They keep the unfortunate third-class passengers penned up in front of their grille and refuse to open the shutter till just before the train starts, and then often only issue tickets, I'm told, to those who promise *backshish*, and in the jostling rob them of their change, or tell them the price of the ticket wrong; most of them can't read. It is the same with the luggage-weighing. If I go and give orders they cringe; if I send my servant they cheat and bully him. And every one tells me that this corruption and petty tyranny is the curse of all minor native officials in every department. It makes my British blood boil, but one comforting reflection is that it is a pillar of the British Raj, since every native trusts any English official far sooner than a native one.

I joined Jim at Abu Road on Friday and we went to Ahmedabad for the Saturday (which was the Epiphany) and Sunday. Jim was busy, and I had seen the sights in Christmas week, so I stayed

quiet mostly, and read more of Lovat Fraser. The chapter on Persia I found very illuminating, but when he gets back to Indian politics, *e.g.*, in the Universities Act part, he becomes obscure by losing the thread of exposition in refuting charges against Lord Curzon on side issues.

Yesterday I invested in a kodak, as Southern India is much more primitive than Rajputana, and I may not be able to buy any photographs. However, I doubt if my own will be a sufficient substitute, as there are so many ways of spoiling each film at every stage of its career that the chance of doing every operation right seems a remote one.

This morning I set out on my second missionary journey (I *stay* with missionaries). It has been a little altered since I sent you the map: but the first stage is the same, viz., a semi-camp life with Jim for ten days in the Ahmednagar district. Ahmednagar is near the eastern border of Bombay Presidency, right in the Deccan.

The Deccan is a high, flat plateau, like the high veldt (only it is two thousand feet up instead of five thousand feet), and of enormous extent. Between the coast and the Deccan is a strip of low, flat land full of creeks and palm-trees. This is called the Konkan. Then comes what corresponds to the Berg in South Africa, a line of steep hills which mark the rise from the Konkan to the Deccan plateau. These are called the Ghats. The Western Ghats (there are corresponding ones on

the Madras side) run parallel to the coast some sixty miles inland, from about Surat (say a hundred and fifty miles north of Bombay) right down to Cochin, and are a great geographical feature of the land. Among other things they catch the south-west monsoon and bring it down all of a heap, so that while the Deccan is liable to famine, the Ghats and the strip just behind them never are. This place, for instance (Lonavla), is just on the top of the Ghats, near the edge, and looks beautifully green. I asked them if they had had a shortage of rain this year, and they told me that it had been nearly a hundred inches less than the average, but as they had had two hundred and twenty-three inches they could not complain!

I came up by an early morning train from Bombay in order to see the Karli Cave, which is near here. I am now waiting for the Poona Mail, in which I hope to find Jim.

The journey from Bombay to the bottom of the Ghats (pronounced, by the way, to rhyme with "carts," though many old residents make it rhyme with "thoughts") is pretty in parts: you go over two causeways through the sea, the first from Bombay Island to Salsette Island, and the second from Salsette to the mainland: then you run south-east beside a creek which becomes a small river higher up. Then a stretch of flat land. When we got near the line of the Ghats we first entered a valley between two spurs, then edged on to one spur and the climb began. They put on two special engines,

as it is a one in forty gradient. After a bit we got on to the watershed of the spur and ran up it; and in between the numerous but short tunnels we could see a valley on either side, green and fertile, with thickly wooded slopes running up to the rugged brown rocks, a most beautiful view. In the rains the train passes fifty waterfalls in fifteen miles. Near the top was a reversing station, and we doubled back along the main mountain-side till we reached the plateau.

The cave of Karli is about six miles from here, and I drove there. It is a most remarkable piece of work, It must originally have been a small cave in the side of a hill, about five hundred feet up. The Buddhists, about 160 B.C., carved it into a fine temple. It looks like the nave of a big Norman church, a barrel roof, an aisle with tall octagonal pillars having beautifully carved capitals, an apse, and in the apse a domed cell containing relics of Buddha. Between the pillars and the rock are narrow side aisles. The entrance is by a doorway in a carved stone screen. This doorway is a magnificent arch. The wonderful thing is that roof, pillars, capitals, screen, arch and all are just carved from the solid rock, not blocks put into position. The whole "building" is one huge monolith carving. Its dimensions correspond approximately (says Fergusson) to the choir of Norwich Cathedral. One very curious thing is this: all the outer sides of the capitals (*i.e.*, in side-aisles) are carved with horses and bullocks, but one,

and one only, has a regular and unmistakable Sphinx.

When Jim's train comes in we go on to Poona, where we dine at the Club, and proceed by the Madras Mail to Ahmednagar via Dhond.

VI

A DECCANI MISSION

i The North Deccan—Elements of the population—A Marathi service—Caste questions—An upset—A Christmas letter—ii Village administration—Abuses—A chance for Christians?—iii Caste again—Its attraction and its viciousness—iv Arrangements of a village—Christian virtues—Wives and widows—An old Tory—Police stories—A case of *zulam*.

i

January 18, 1912, MIRI, AHMEDNAGAR DISTRICT.—I have been constantly on the move since last mail. I joined Jim soon after I last wrote, and we dined in Poona. On Saturday morning we passed Ahmednagar, but did not get out till we reached a small station called Lakh, about twenty miles north. There we were met by Canon King. He is the head of the S.P.G. Ahmednagar Mission, which has half a dozen stations in this district.

From Lakh we drove in *tongas* five miles to the S.P.G. station of Karegao, a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. This north Deccan country is pretty thickly populated. Villages are about as frequent as they are at home, but more populous. Karegao is below the average size, and Sonai has

five thousand inhabitants; but of course there are no houses between the villages. Most of the soil is closely cultivated, though there are big bare spaces where the rock has come through, and one large tract of "forest," *i.e.*, bush-veldt. The staple crop is a native grain in summer and millet in winter. Both depend on the monsoon, which is never very heavy here (under thirty inches). This year they were threatened with total famine, but a most unusual douse of six inches in November has saved the millet, which has come up, only three feet high instead of six feet, but with quite good heads. They are harvesting it now.

The agriculturists or *kumbis* form eighty per cent. of the population of the villages, and are Mahrattas. Till we came they were all freebooters, but under the Raj they have settled down to agriculture. They retain, however, the trait of improvidence and are always getting hopelessly into debt to village *saukars* (moneylenders). They are small-holders. All land belongs nominally to Government, but so long as the tenant pays his assessment he is to all intents and purposes owner of his fields, which pass from father to son. In fact, Government has recently passed an Act for these regions making the land inalienable for debt, to the great discomfiture of the *saukars*, who now refuse to lend except at exorbitant rates (seventy-five per cent. if there is no other good security), so that the *kumbi* is left worse off than before.

The remaining twenty per cent. of the villages is

composed, first of Brahmans and Marwaris, secondly of the outcaste "castes." There are two or three families of Brahmans in each village, and they have (but are losing) the monopoly of learning. They only can marry people, and all law work is taken by them. Thus they have great power, and they use it to extort money from the Mahrattas shamelessly. Consequently they are much disliked (they are of course a different race, for the Mahrattas are Scythians) and their monopolies are being questioned and challenged. They attribute this to the Raj, and are consequently the most seditious class in India. But their caste aloofness, avarice, corruption, and unpopularity make them bad leaders of the masses; they have only the religious lever to work, and Hinduism is a nebulous lever. The Brahmans have, however, the advantage (uniquely, I think) of being spread over every part of India, and understanding a common language (Sanskrit modernized); but their total number is very small—about three millions—and their caste rules hinder them from increasing.

The Marwaris own all the village shops and stores. They came from Marwar, in Rajputana, but are now the shopkeepers throughout the North Deccan. They are very pale-skinned, and their women wear skirts.

Besides these, there are a few odd caste people about, such as the doctor-caste, the cobbler-caste, and so on; most of these castes are racially distinct, but I don't know anything about them.

Only the caste-people and those who are outside the caste-system, such as the few Mohammedans (relics of the Ahmednagar kingdom of the eighteenth century) and the Christian native clergy, may live in the village itself.

The out-caste tribes live outside the village wall in their respective quarters. There are three of these tribes hereabouts, the Mahars, Mangs, and Bhils. The Mahars and Mangs are both aboriginal tribes conquered by the Mahrattas and made to do their dirty work. The Mahars are the scavengers, and have to provide transport for any travellers who come to the village and escort them to the next. They also have to work in the fields for the *kumbis*. For their services they get a little pay, and in return they have seventy-two rights, but, of course, they can't hold land or enter temples, or use caste wells, and so they are not exactly free. It is from these Mahars that the Christians here are almost exclusively drawn, though some Mangs are Christians too.

The Mangs are even lower caste than the Mahars. To the Mahratta all outcastes are equally despicable in theory; but in practice out-caste castes have been formed. So the Mahars look down on the Mangs with the concentrated contempt of those who have no one else to despise. The Mangs are a distinct race of aborigines, originating in the Central Provinces. Their functions are to make ropes, hang criminals, act as sweepers (*i.e.*, cleaners out of closets), and form the

village band. They are also the only people who will eat pig; and as the village pig's staple diet is dung, human and otherwise, this fact shows the standard of Mang ideas of cleanliness. They are also the sole devotees of two indigenous goddesses, of child-killing and of cholera, and this makes them necessary as propitiators.

The third outcaste caste is the Bhils. They are a nomad, thieving gipsy tribe, great *shikaris*, and rather respected. Their home is in Rajputana, and there are not many here. But being the thief-caste, English people use them for night-watchmen, and we had one on guard at Karegao—a condemned murderer, who had done seven years in the Andamans for killing a moneylender. He was very picturesque, with a bamboo bow and a most formidable arrow, like an assagai.

Jim was received with great ceremony and escorted in procession with cross and acolytes to the mission bungalow. In the afternoon the mission school-children gave an entertainment of songs, and we were all garlanded, after which Jim held a confirmation.

On Sunday at half-past seven I attended a Eucharist in Mahrathi. There are no chairs in the churches, and the people squat, men one side, women the other. Karegao church is shabby and jerry-built, and about the size of a small college chapel; but there were 300 people present, a great squash, and 105 communicants. As the total number of Christians in the village is only 150,

besides 130 boys and girls in the schools, there must have been a good many come in from other villages. There is no difficulty in making Christians come to church in this country. The hard part is to keep them straight in between. They used the Mass chants for the Creed, etc., and sang a lot of hymns in attractive sing-songy ways.

We started at seven on Monday morning for the next place, called Sonai, fourteen miles off. It is quite cold, about 47° at sunrise, and warms up to about 82 at tiffin-time, but there is always a good breeze and the climate is never troublesome; the evenings are much warmer than at Delhi.

At Sonai we only stopped one day, for confirmation and *pan-supari*, an entertainment which consists of garlanding and giving us betel-nut to chew. Sonai is a large village of 5,000 inhabitants crowded into a remarkably small area, of the usual square mud-houses, looking like ruins, because they have no roof visible, nor ornament, and the mud makes a shaky outline. They have no windows or chimneys, but some of the doors are well carved. Just a few have covered balconies.

Sonai is in charge of a native priest. There are, I think, seven native priests on this mission and five English. In the whole diocese there are twenty-five native clergy and forty-five English. Of course they hope ultimately to raise a completely native ministry for India, but at present it is very difficult to get them to work satisfactorily here. The trouble is this. Throughout these Deccan

villages the heads of the Mahar caste became Christians, and in all about half of the total number of Mahars (*i.e.*, about 30,000 out of 60,000). Consequently the Mahars who became Christian never had to break with their caste, and have carried their caste feeling into their life as Christians. I used to think caste had its advantages, but at close quarters one sees it is the invention of the devil himself. It is quite diametrically opposed to the Christian spirit. But the Mahars have retained it, owing to their too quick conversion.

This reflection gives one pause when one chafes at the slowness of Christian progress in India; I almost believe the danger is it will be too quick. The last census reveals an increase of twenty-five per cent. in the last ten years, three millions growing to four millions, and the forces are all in our favour *at this moment.*

The consequence of this caste feeling is that most native clergy, being Mahars, are unwilling to evangelize the Mangs, whom they have immemorially hated and despised—don't like sharing a church with them, and so on. I gather that the English clergy are slowly killing it, but until it is dead there will be grave defects in the native ministry. Similarly the native clergy, being Mahars, have no chance of a hearing from Mahrattas, even if they wished to convert them, which they don't always. Hardly any Mahrattas are Christians yet, but they are beginning to stir. At Karegao Jim had three Mahrattas coming to inquire what exactly their

adoption of Christianity would involve to them—a thing unheard of ten years ago. Since the Mahrattas are eighty per cent. of the population, clearly the Christianity of the Deccan will only really begin when a breach is made in their caste-case.

It is quite natural that they should be slow to come; conversion means a real sacrifice for *them*—expulsion from their caste, loss of rights, and organized ostracism. But proportionately, those who face it will be worth their salt, and once the breach is made the Church's advance will, I think, be speedy. Hinduism is in practice such a degrading, cruel, and stagnant system, that once the Mahrattas have faced Christianity they can't (I believe most strongly) reject it. But as presented by a Mahar, they would never look at it; so the days of a native ministry can't come till there are Mahrattas to take part in it. Above all things we ought to avoid the creation of a Christian caste, as the Mahars might easily become if they were left to themselves.

From Sonai we trekked next morning in our *tongas* (which are two-wheeled back-to-back pony carts, with a Cape-cart hood) to Bhanas Hiware (rhyming with "livery"), another village fourteen miles on. There are Christians in practically every village, and in all big ones a mission; but in many there is not an S.P.G. mission, because the Romans and American Congregationalists have missions in this district and we avoid competing.

At Bhanas Hiware Jim had the usual functions,

and I tried to shoot black-buck, but without success. There is no church there, only a school chapel-house, *i.e.*, a mud-house twenty-five feet by twelve, with an altar in it.

The priest here was also a native. He is trying to break them of their caste habits, and has begun by refusing to admit to communion those who eat dead meat. This sounds autocratic and unjustifiable, but Jim does not interfere, because dead-meat-eating is a sign of the Mahar caste and very degrading in itself. It arises from their poverty and their duties. The Mahars as village scavengers have to dispose of all cattle, dogs, etc., that die in the village or near it. They do so generally by eating them, a cheap and easy way ; but those who have seen it say that the sight of the Mahars scrambling with the vultures, kites, crows, dogs, and jackals for the carcass of a bullock that has died of disease is most nauseating, and is the chief excuse for the contempt in which the Mahrattas hold them.

From Bhanas Hiware we started this morning at 7.45 to come here, about sixteen miles. Hill and I tried to shoot black-buck *en route*, but again unsuccessfully. Incidentally our *tonga*-driver was so keen to find the black-buck that he failed to look where he was going, and drove our left wheel over a nine-inch stump at the same time as our right wheel was in a more than usually deep rut, with the result that the tonga was clean upset, and sent me somersaulting from the back seat on to the

Deccan plateau, which I fortunately struck with my *topi*, and rolled over unscathed. I got up and found Hill in the seat I had so lately vacated, but the wrong way up. However, he crawled out, also unhurt. The driver, ponies, guns, and other chattels similarly escaped injury, so we just heaved the *tonga* on to its wheels again and proceeded on our way.

We are going to stop here six days. After that I start on my southern journey by myself. I enclose one of Jim's Christmas letters, which is more than averagely entertaining. Here it is :—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,

"With homage, tribute, and salute, I, like one of the indulgent, venerable and genuine sons of London dedicate.

"That I heartily wish the gracious lady, the venerable children and your noble lordship A merry Christmas and A Happy New Year and fervently pray to God the Almighty to give one and all long life, prosperity, health, wealth, strength, wisdom, eternal bliss and everlasting happiness.

"I hope that your sublime Lordship will with pleasure send in the blessing letter of the season to satisfy the heart of the Royal, legal and rightful heir to the throne of——

"With infinite thanks to all,

"I am,

"Your just Lordship's loyal child,

ii

January 20th, MIRI.—The whole subject of these missions is full of excitement: all sorts of considerations emerge one never hears of in England: but I haven't time to write about it now: I must try to next week.

I have not yet shot much, only a partridge and some pigeons. I have missed two black-buck through breathlessness, but hope to get one here. It rained for a few minutes this afternoon, the first I have seen since I landed.

The advantage of trekking is that one sees the villages. One never hears of them in the towns, unless one can get a civil servant to talk: but here we camp by one every night, and one sees the "real India"; for the villages hold four-fifths of the population.

Each village is surrounded by a mud wall, fortified with prickly pear: under the British Raj the walls are significantly out of repair. There is a gate at either end. Outside the main gate is the village well and the shrine of Hanuman, the monkey-god. Inside, the houses are of mud, cube-shaped and windowless. Sometimes there is a brick temple to Witthoba or some other "popular" deity in the main street.

The village is administered by the *patil* or headman. He is linked on to the Raj in this way. The Presidency is divided into about twenty

collectorates. The collector is the staple British administrator. He is responsible for the collection of taxes and the maintenance of order: he receives all petitions and hears all grievances, and with his assistants goes round all the villages every cold weather, checking the registers, auditing the finances, and trying petty cases.

But he clearly can't be everywhere at once, as a collectorate may be the size of Wales. So it is divided into six or eight *talukas* or districts, over which the collector appoints a native *mamlatdar*, responsible to him. The *mamlatdar* carries on the ordinary administration of his *taluka*, subject always to the collector's revision and supervision. Under the *mamlatdar* are the *patils* in each village. The *mamlatdar* is nearly always a Brahman, because he must be educated : but the *patil* is (here) always a Mahratta, and so there is no love lost between them. The *patil's* lieutenant is the village clerk, called *kulkurni*, who keeps the registers and accounts: he, again, is a Brahman.

It is a sad fact that the Indian officials, *mamlatdar*, *patil*, and *kulkurni*, and police, are almost without exception hopelessly corrupt and oppressively avaricious. (Some civilians say the *mamlatdars* are no longer corrupt themselves, but their clerks are.) When the English civil servants can get at facts, they can remedy the particular injustice and punish the official: but this is very rarely possible, as the victims will never give evidence if they can help it. We had a case only two days

ago, as follows : It is the duty of the Mahar caste to provide bullock-carts for travellers; these are obtained through the *patil.* So when Jim reached Karegao village, he applied to the *patil* for the *bailgharris* to take him on to Sonai, and they were forthcoming. They travelled by night, and it so happened that one of the drivers was jolted off his seat and, falling, broke his arm. This accident brought him to our notice, and we found that he was no Mahar, but an unoffending Mohammedan who was passing through Karegao on the way to join his wife and family in another village. The *patil* had seized him and tried to blackmail him, demanding a bribe under threat of sending him and his cart on Mahar's work for Jim. The unfortunate man couldn't or wouldn't pay, so he was sent, and his journey interrupted for three days quite illegally. But he made no complaint, and never suggested he was badly used : he merely ascribed the whole adventure to his line of fate. This is a typical instance of petty oppression: many are far more serious. Even the missionaries can get no legal business done unless they bribe the *mamlatdar's* clerk, and no village conceives of a lawsuit as anything but a bribing-match.

It is gloomy to think that all this goes on under our Raj. Indeed, in one respect the villagers are worse off than before we came. In old days, when an official or moneylender became intolerably oppressive, the villagers would rise and murder him or burn his house : but if they do so now they are

punished, and so there is no such limit to official oppression.

But of course they have the remedy in their own hands if only they would use it; but they can't imbibe the idea that Government is their friend and will punish its own officers for their benefit.

Looked at from another point of view, the situation suggests speculation as to the future of Christianity. Here are the best and most responsible of the minor administrative posts in the hands of Brahmans who have proved themselves corrupt, oppressive, and moreover disloyal. Now there is arising another educated class, namely, the Christians, taught in mission schools and colleges under English supervision—a more practical kind of education than the Brahmanical. These are the most numerous challengers of the Brahmans' monopoly. Moreover, their religion—alone of all Indian religions—strictly inculcates honesty and mercy. One can't pretend that Indian Christians are yet anything like so honest and merciful as the average Englishman: but their superiority to the Hindu in honesty is already sufficiently marked to be a commercial asset. The railways and big commercial firms often prefer a Christian, and they can always find employment.

Thus you have a rapidly growing class of nearly equal ability and superior honesty to the Brahmans, ready to supplant the disloyal Brahmans in administrative posts. But hitherto the barrier of caste has been upheld by Government. The Christians being

outcaste Mahars, the caste-people strongly object to being under their authority, and hitherto Government has refused to appoint them in proportion to their deserts, and has appointed Mahrattas or Mohammedans of inferior abilities. This conflict between caste and efficiency is of momentous importance and very complex. For instance, if Government persists in excluding Christians from their due, they may become disloyal, not unnaturally (there are signs of it already), and there will be a growing seditious force to deal with, with the risk that the two ablest and most educated native communities may unite in disloyalty at some future date. On the other hand, if Government opens the door to Christians (*e.g.*, in many Government schools, I'm told, the Hindus threatened to withdraw in a body if Mahar Christians were admitted; but in the few cases where Christians *have* been admitted, the Hindus have climbed down), the result will be to give a great rise in status to Christianity and a great blow to caste, but very likely a great danger to the purity of Christianity. However, these questions are so large that I mustn't go on about them, as it is past bedtime and I want to go out early after buck to-morrow.

III

January 23rd, MIRI.—All this trek I have been up against the rather crude form of the caste

question presented here, and more and more its great danger is borne in on one. It seems to me that the trouble before the Church is not, in the long run, that the caste-people will reject Christianity, but that they will try to incorporate caste in it.

This I believe has actually happened in the south with the oldest Indian Christians—the so-called Church of St. Thomas, which dates traditionally from the Apostle. Here you find Christian communities with regular caste distinctions; and each caste has a separate Communion service, etc. The result, as you could guess, has been to deaden and de-Christianize the whole religion of the Church.

It is interesting to try and discover exactly where the attraction of caste lies—it clearly has enormous attractions—and where its paralysing effects are rooted. Its chief attraction seems to be that it organizes society independently of Government. Each individual falls into his allotted niche automatically at birth, and the lines of his life are laid down for him. He learns his father's trade, for which he has a long-inherited aptitude. If he is disabled from any cause, his family, and, failing them, his caste, are bound to support him. Consequently, the social problem is automatically solved without Government intervention.

In fact, it is a kind of unofficial Socialism—the corner-stone of it is the joint family system. Each piece of land belongs to a Hindu householder and his family jointly. They work it in common, and

each member has a legal right to an equal share of the produce.

The result of the system is that a man's individuality is lost in that of the family and the caste. The most obvious defect of the caste system is its hopeless unprogressiveness, since its essence is that every one should die in the niche in which he was born; but this loss of individuality seems to me to be morally much worse. A man is taught to consider himself not a unit, but a mere limb or member of his family and caste. The result of this is, first, to narrow the range of all his moral energies. He could never play the good Samaritan to any one outside his caste, because he is no more connected with or responsible for his next-door neighbour of another caste than he is for a foreigner or a vegetable. Similarly, as Jim said in his first letter, I think, there is no Mahrathi word for "friend" which does not also mean kinsman. Caste, in fact, enforces a duty towards your neighbour based, not on the inclusive principle of charity, but on the exclusive principle of a corporation. Again, the individual loses moral responsibility; he exchanges for his own conscience the customs of the caste, and this has produced a constant tendency for the standard to lower itself, since a corporate conscience can deceive itself so much more easily than an individual's. Consequently, Hinduism is saddled with a number of degrading customs which it has no motive-power to throw off.

Finally, it undermines moral stamina, because

nobody has the feeling that he stands or falls by his own efforts. There is no penalty for laziness and no stimulus to keep a man up to the mark. The net result is that Hindu society is not only unprogressive, but thoroughly rotten, both from a Christian and from an ordinarily decent point of view. The lesson to be learnt is that caste, in spite of its plausibility, is the invention of the devil and must be broken up if India is to rise to a tolerable Christian ideal.

But it will die very hard, because its victims are necessarily blinded to its viciousness. It can be done, however, because the Mohammedans have done it.

IV

January 23rd, MIRI.—. . . This trek has given me a first glimpse of the villages. They are all laid out on much the same plan. The first thing one comes to is the *Mang-wadi*, or Mangs' quarter, well outside the walls. The Mangs are rope-makers, hangmen, and scavengers, but sadly neglect the last office in their own quarters. It is advisable to hurry through this; and a little farther on one finds the *Mahar-wadi*, which is a little less trying. Then comes the village wall, about fifteen feet high, of mud, encircling the village proper. No outcastes may live within it. Inside the gate one finds a long main street and many crooked

little side-streets. All the houses are cubes of mud with practically no windows, which is perhaps as well, as the family store of manure is heaped up against the wall outside. Some houses have quite fine doors, and the shop-fronts are nicely carved. All the shops are run by Marwaris (who come from Rajputana).

I forgot to mention the well, which is generally close outside the gate. It is the women's club or pub, and the drink it provides looks far deadlier than any gin-palace's liquids. The one at Karegao, for instance, was a *baoli*—a big well with steps leading down to it. The women stood in the water on the steps and just washed their dusty pitchers and then filled them. What percentage of the village slops drains into it I don't know, but it must be a sporting chance whether a drink gives one cholera, typhoid, dysentery, or worms. Fortunately, the Christians, being outcastes, are not allowed to use it. I wonder whether the Christians will learn elementary sanitation and so increase faster than the Hindus. Already they are visibly cleaner; indeed, that is one of the most obvious improvements the change of religion makes. It is also generally allowed that they are more truthful and more able to control their passions, and I think their faces, especially the women's, are decidedly gentler. But everything goes by comparison.

One of the padre's boys last Lent resolved to give up lying. He got it down to sixteen lies

the first day and twenty-five the second, but then broke down. In fact, the padre said the chief difference in morals generally was that the Hindu sins and isn't ashamed, whereas the Christian sins and is. Which is a great advance, after all—somewhat in the ratio of mediæval Christendom to paganism. And the Christians here are the dregs of the ages.

I think the difference is more noticeable in the women than in the men, partly because the missionaries are the only people who make any effort to teach the women even the elements of decency and partly because the Christian women aren't so prematurely aged by early marriages. The child-marriage system, by the way, has produced rather a crux to the working of the mission among the women. The girls are much keener to come to the mission schools than the boys are and their parents are readier to send them, so the mission has twice as many girls as boys in its schools. Consequently only half the girls can marry Christian boys. One might wish the other half to marry Hindus and convert them, but no Hindu will marry a girl who is older than thirteen, and not often over ten. The Church forbids marriage under fourteen. So there is a deadlock, and many girls remain unmarried, and spinsters are wholly unprovided for in the village social system.

An almost equal difficulty is caused by the widows. No one will marry a widow. Even Christians can't be induced to. Indian custom

leaves only three courses open to a widow: (1) to become *sati*, now forbidden by law; (2) to become her mother-in-law's drudge, and this may mean the worst kind of slavery, since every one regards it as the direct result of sin in a past life that she has become a widow, and so the mother-in-law is entitled to rub it in for all she is worth and make her do the whole dirty work of the house; (3) she can become a prostitute—a cheerful choice, which has to be made by about twenty-two million women, five million of them children—child widows. "By their fruits . . . ." And yet there are plenty of theosophists and other good people who gravely explain that Hinduism is as good a fig-tree as Christianity. I can only say that if they can swallow a thistle like the status of widows there is but one conclusion to be drawn!

We went to tea yesterday with the son of the leading landowner here. He croaked over the growth of luxury among the *kumbis* in quite a homely way. In the good old days they only wore a loin-cloth; now the extravagant young dogs nearly all wear a shirt. Also wages have risen in the last fifteen years from two or three rupees a month to six or eight.

I hear the same general abuse of the police here as in Gujerat. The most surprising story I have heard comes from Dharwar, south of this. Three policemen were taking a prisoner across country when they stopped at a river to perform their morning ablutions. While they were washing the

prisoner "bunked" (such an expressive word!). They were much annoyed, as they knew it was their fault. However, they concocted a story of a rescue and a scuffle in which the prisoner escaped. But feeling that their narrative was a little bald and unconvincing, they looked round for some corroborative detail calculated to give it verisimilitude. The most promising detail they could see was a stray villager doing *his* ablutions on the opposite bank of the river, so they shot him and carried off the corpse to headquarters, where they triumphantly produced it, and their story passed current till one of the three quarrelled with the others and turned informer.

I've no reason to believe this story isn't true; but I think most of these yarns should be taken *cum grano*. Even I discovered one of them to be a distortion of the facts only yesterday. I heard the Ahmedabad bomb case quoted against the police. The truth was this, as I heard on the best authority at Ahmedabad. The police were looking for the man who threw a bomb at Lord Minto. A man reported he had discovered a bomb-factory. So the police raided the place indicated, a detached shed, and caught two men actually making bombs. But the trial revealed that the two men had no notion what they were doing, and had only been hired for the day by the informer, who, in order to get the police reward, had filled a shed with the various ingredients of bombs and hired two innocent coolies to start packing them into shells. He

got seven years. That is what is so confusing. One never knows whether the police are faking the evidence, or the witnesses blackmailing the police, or some outside party doing both.

The police are by no means the only offenders. The *patils* are everywhere accused of *zulam*, *i.e.*, extortion and oppression. This is the sort of thing. One of the S.P.G. padres, on coming to a village, asked the *patil* to procure him a sheep (travellers always procure supplies through the headman). The *patil* told him he could not get one for less than five rupees, as they were scarce. The market price is two rupees eight annas: so the padre said he would do without.

After dinner a poor woman appeared and asked to speak to him. In fear and trembling she said she was anxious to sell her sheep to the padre-*sahib*, since she needed money: but as the *sahib* would only offer eight annas, she really couldn't do it. "Who said I only offered eight annas?" asked the padre. "The *patil* told me so, *sahib*, and with many threats he tried to force me to sell."

This constant stream of evidence that Indians use the authority committed to them to chivy and oppress the weak, and take bribes from the rich, seems to me to show *the* big fact which the Nationalists must alter before they can justly claim self-government.

VII

THE SOUTH MAHRATTA COUNTRY: GOA

Bijapur—The S.M.C.—The Londa-Mormugao railway—Goa—A Town Council at work—Pan-Islamism—Hindu metaphysics—Sugar-crushing—Hindu morals.

January 31, 1912, PANJIM (NEW GOA), PORTUGUESE INDIA.—I started off from Ahmednagar on Thursday, the 25th, at 1 a.m., and after twelve hours of beastly trains arrived at Bijapur about one o'clock. Bijapur is now nearly deserted, but for two hundred years it was one of the most important towns in India. An enterprising Mohammedan governor of it revolted from the old kings of the Deccan and made himself independent in 1489. It soon became the most powerful State in South India. Goa belonged to it when the Portuguese came in 1510; and in 1565 it wiped out its only serious Hindu rival, the Rajah of Vijayanagar (of whom more next week). For a hundred years the King of Bijapur was top dog, but in 1686 he was overthrown by Aurangzeb, being the last great victim of the Moghuls.

The relics of Bijapur's greatness are an extra-

ordinary number of very good buildings, just missing the first rank of all. But I have seen no town with so many separate fine buildings: there were about thirty mosques, tombs, and palaces. *The* sight of the place is the tomb of King Mohammad Adil Shah; it is called the Gol Gumbaz. It is "the Taj of South India," but *toto cœlo* different. It is quite plain and uniquely massive. The dome is only twelve feet less in diameter than the dome of S. Peter's, and the domed space inside is the largest in the world. It looks it, too, when you get inside. The architecture of it is a wonder, as Fergusson explains at length: but one has to see it to grasp what he means, I think. There were a lot of swallows hawking flies high up in the dome, looking clean out of shot.

From Bijapur I went south, through the South Deccan country, the same rolling flats as near Ahmednagar, but more uniformly fertile—a great cotton country. The Deccan extends roughly as far as a line drawn from Goa to Madras: south of that is the Carnatic. The South Mahratta railway is so primitive as to be rather comfortable: for instance, it runs on wood-fuel, which makes no smuts, though it sometimes fails to boil the water.

I stopped from Friday to Monday at a town in this district. My host there has been for years on its municipal council, and told me about its working. If I have time and energy left I will write to you about it.

The number of Christians there is very small, about one hundred and seventy, but they are all caste-people, of various castes; and I dare say they will make a better nucleus than the thousands of Mahar Christians in the North Deccan. Their whole tone is certainly higher.

Jim had told the people down here that I wanted to go to Goa, so the chaplain of Dharwar very kindly arranged to take me there. Dharwar is the southernmost collectorate of Bombay Presidency, and the chaplain there has Goa for one of his out-stations. So he combined an official visit with escorting me there, and I joined him at Dharwar on Monday evening.

On Tuesday morning we set forth for Goa, the padre and I. Soon after leaving Dharwar the country became jungly and got progressively wilder and denser. At first it was like bush-veld; then there appeared a lovely fern-like bamboo—or rather it was like a giant asparagus, fifty feet high and growing in great clumps; and this bamboo gradually ousted everything else till the whole jungle was one forest of it, a most lovely sight. Then it became denser again, with bamboos interspersed and towering.

After passing Lônda, at twelve o'clock we came to the Ghats, which, as I told you the other week, run right down the west coast of India. It took us three hours to get down them, and the scenery was magnificent—alpine in contour and tropical in vegetation. A wealth of green forest trees

covered the great hills from top to bottom, except where the rock was precipitous, and as the train wound in and out, over ravines and spurs, past waterfalls (now small, in the rains torrential) and over viaducts, one saw the long line of Ghats stretching like an irregular rampart for miles and miles, till the green became palest blue and was lost in the haze.

When we reached the bottom we were in Portuguese territory and only forty miles from Goa. These last forty miles were almost as lovely as the Ghats, which formed their background. First, the bamboos began again, but in greater variety, the most prominent being of the same type as one sees at home, but grown into great bushy clumps fifty feet high. These were gradually succeeded by palms, which for the last twenty miles monopolized the scene—great tall waving coco-nut-palms, most brilliantly green, now in dense groves seventy feet high, now lined in giant hedgerows, like French poplars, round the even brighter rice-fields, now banked up the slopes which framed the winding creeks and rivers that became more and more frequent as we approached the sea.

We reached Mormugao, the railhead, at sunset, and proceeded to this place by steamer. Goa is an island between the mouths of two rivers. The harbourage on either side is magnificent, except during the south-west monsoon, when Mormugao alone is sheltered; but the river silt has made a bar that is only passable at high tide.

What the possibilities of the place are I don't know. The Portuguese are hopeless slacksters. The railway to Mormugao is entirely a British concern, and we even have to run the telegraph for them.

The history of Goa is most thrilling. After Vasco da Gama's voyage, the Portuguese at first only opened factories in native cities—Calicut, Cochin, and Quilon; but when Albuquerque came out in 1509 he saw that these factories, even backed by forts, existed only on sufferance, which Arab jealousy made precarious. He therefore decided to annex a base, and chose Goa, which belonged to the King of Bijapur, two hundred miles inland. So he took it, after desperate fights and adventures, and it soon became the richest city in India, with magnificent churches.

Then the Dutch beat and ruined the Portuguese; the site proved pestilential, and so the city was gradually deserted and the jungle swallowed everything but the churches. These have remained splendid and rich; and the pilgrimage to the tomb of S. Francis Xavier is made by Indians of all religions. Now the final blow has fallen; the Republicans have confiscated the churches and all Church property. The decree doing so has for the moment been suspended, so there may be a chance yet. Otherwise, the churches must go to ruin. As a crowning piece of villainy, the whole of the pilgrims' offerings made at the great exposition of S. Francis's body in 1910, and amounting

to Rs. 30,000, has been confiscated and pocketed by the new Governor!

The Goanese are all keen Catholics, and the result of the Republican outrages is that there is a movement among them in favour of going over to England. The natives, too, inland, dislike the Portuguese rule, which means heavy taxes, corruption, and neglect. Our guide to-day spoke of it (*i.e.*, of transference to British rule) with enthusiasm; but the people are so inert that I'm afraid they won't strike. For our part, we should much like to have Goa, which is the Delagoa Bay of the Deccan. All the Deccan cotton, etc., ought to be shipped at Mormugao; but Portuguese sloth prevents our developing the place—they won't dredge the bar, and so on. Besides, the place is a nest of salt-smugglers.

We drove over to-day and saw old Goa. The situation is lovely, on a rise in a palm forest overlooking a silvery creek which winds back towards the distant grey-blue Ghats.

The place is dead, silent and deserted; the forest has closed in all around it, and when we came there was no sign of life except the chanting of the Mass in the cathedral—the one church still used. Beyond the canons there is no population whatever. One of them showed us the Bom Jesus Church and S. Francis's tomb. There are three other huge sixteenth and seventeenth century churches, with magnificently garish reredoses of gold, a most wonderful sight in the setting visible and remembered.

There is a museum there with relics of Vasco da Gama, Albuquerque, and the rest, in the middle of which have been stuck a ludicrous stuffed Mercury and a red-capped female labelled Republica, both only fit for November 5th.

Coming back, I could not get stamps here because there is a public holiday to celebrate the anniversary of, as far as I can make out, the assassination of King Carlos, and the place is officially lit up to-night; the people don't seem at all keen about it, though.

The climate here is the limit of relaxing; it has been about ninety day and night, and as damp as a steam laundry—a great fever-hole, swarming with mosquitoes.

I must stop now, as it is past ten, and I have to start at six to-morrow for Madras. I hope to stop one night *en route* at Vijayanagar, the dead capital of the Hindu kingdom I mentioned just now.

February 2, 5 a.m., IN TRAIN, DHARWAR.—I will take this opportunity of telling you about the Town Council of that place I was staying at last week. It is a wholly undistinguished city of 30,000 inhabitants, which lives on cotton-jenning. For the past twenty years or so it has had municipal self-government. The Council is elected by all payers of two rupees in taxes, and it administers the town's revenue of Rs. 60,000 (£4,000), and is supposed to do all the things an English municipality does.

My host there has been on this Municipal Council for years and years, and told me a lot about its working. He says that it has undoubtedly been a failure so far. It is always incompetent and generally corrupt. Few Indians seem to have a glimmering of the idea of disinterested public service. They go in for politics purely to see what they can get out of it, either in cash or in advertisement estimable in terms of cash. This makes the elections naturally corrupt, and when a man has been elected he has no sense of either duty or responsibility. Consequently, he doesn't turn up at council meetings unless something lucrative is on, and there is often no quorum. When there is one, nothing is considered on its merits, but always in the light of the particular axes to be ground.

The result is endless insincere discussion and obstruction, and nothing is done. Into this comes also the deep-rooted Indian dislike of taking responsibility. Even where no corrupt motive is working, they won't make a definite decision if they can possibly help it. If they are driven to do so, it is probably never carried out, as they have no executive officer, and won't create one for fear of lessening their own power. Finally, if an enterprising man does by great efforts get the council to move, his reforms are likely to be indefinitely hung up owing to governmental red-tape and over-centralization.

The roads, sanitation, etc., of the place were very

primitive, and my host told me he had been ceaselessly struggling for elementary reforms, but unless he could see a thing through from start to finish himself, it never got done; and they don't often let him do that. He told me several stories to illustrate this, and I will give you two of them as examples.

The first is this. There are practically no w.c.'s or any equivalent in the town, so he started a scheme to buy a field outside the town and install a "trench system." The native doesn't mind walking half a mile every morning: it is quite a common plan. Of course, intrigues at once began about the buying of the field, and the first thing they did was to exclude my host from the committee appointed to deal with his scheme. So he had to correspond with this committee to get anything done. After nearly a year he got them to agree on the field he wanted. Then the P.W.D. Engineer had to be got hold of to sanction it, and it was another six months before he could be induced to come and look at it. When he came, the committee showed him the wrong field, and he reported it as unsuitable. It took six months more to rectify this "error," and then the engineer wrote to ask if the right field was for sale, and they said it wasn't when it was.

After months more the engineer was got to come and see the right field, but by this time there was a new engineer, who disliked the trench system; so the whole scheme was remitted to the committee

for reconsideration. They are still reconsidering it, and so, in spite of my host's efforts, after *six years* of agitation, the people still use the streets for these unsavoury purposes.

The other case was the building of a school. This had been discussed for five years and once looked like getting through, only the Director of Public Instruction in Bombay ordered new plans with differently shaped windows, and this gave the obstructionists their chance. There is no school yet.

Altogether my host gets little thanks for his services. They think him a nuisance, but they find him so necessary that they always re-elect him. In fact, it is only he, so another man told me, that has kept the place solvent. At Dharwar, a similar town, they said just the same: but there, there is no Englishman to keep it going and the municipality has been suspended at least once. This has repeatedly to be done, and that fact in itself shows that Lord Ripon's policy is not quite a success. It is a great pity, as I don't see how the Indians can become fit for political self-government if they make such a hash of municipal affairs. However, it's no use blinking the facts, and if this instance is as typical of all India as it seems to be of the Deccan (I have heard no two opinions about it and a native councillor himself told me it was a farce), it is no use thinking of trusting Indians with more important powers until they show themselves fit to exercise these.

You ask for continuous news about Bengal, but I have been farther from informed opinion than you have. People here ask *me* what I know. If I hear anything in Madras I will let you know.

This part of India is much more primitive than the north—fewer trains, no hotels, hardly any one who speaks English, and very few European shops.

What is much more curious is that Peer Mahommed (my servant) clearly feels himself an entire foreigner here. He has an unbounded contempt for all the people, even the Mohammedans. "They not knowing Mohammedan 'lijin—bad peoples," as he puts it; he doesn't speak Kanarese, and very few people hereabouts speak Hindustani; and he has to cook all his own food. He is far more a compatriot of the Mohammedans of Persia and Syria than of the South Indians. He told me that if it hadn't been for his wife he would have settled at Jerusalem when he was there, and did not seem to regard it at all as being abroad; and he spoke of Arabia in the same way, but he'd sooner die than settle here. He also asks me at intervals for news of the war in Tripoli, which all shows the strength of the Pan-Islamic sentiment as transcending "national" distinctions. I heard an Indian Judge at Delhi criticizing the proposed Moslem University on that ground; he said it would be a centre of political intrigue. Already (he said) Turks and Persians foregather at Aligarh, where there is a

Mohammedan College, and preach a cosmopolitan Pan-Islamism. Of course, the Judge was a Hindu, but he also denounced the proposed Hindu University, as he declared it was a machination of the reactionary Brahmans.

My last host was an authority on Hindu philosophy, and I left feeling rather faint. As Hegel is to Hodge, so is Hinduism to any other philosophy I've come across. Apparently it is consistent with Hinduism to be either a Theist or an Atheist or a Polytheist or a Pantheist. The only dogmas which are really fixed seem to be transmigration of souls and *maya*, *i.e.*, that all existence is illusion, a kind of disease of the Absolute. Not only is all experience illusion, but the experiencing soul is an illusion too. And if you ask (I don't advise you to) how the experiencing soul, being a reflection of the Absolute, can be the victim of illusion, they reply that illusion itself is an illusion. After which you fetch the keeper.

The serious part of it is that metaphysics isn't confined to a few harmless dons, but permeates to the proletariat. I went to call the other day on a native municipal councillor, and found in his courtyard a beggar singing lugubriously to a mandolin accompaniment, and was told he was a Vedantist who had once been a Mohammedan, but had now left his wife and family, feeling it his vocation to sing the praises of the Absolute, which must be a little difficult, since I always understood the Absolute has no attributes.

It isn't surprising that such people are incompetent at mere business. I went out on Sunday to see a sugar farm. Sugar is a very lucrative crop; it makes a profit of Rs. 100 per acre. But it was all very primitive. The canes were crushed between rollers worked by four oxen, and the juice was boiled down to *gûl* (*Anglice* toffee) in a big and dirty pan in the open air. The Government has established experimental farms to demonstrate improved methods; but the cultivators won't take the trouble to go and see them. So the Government has to send instructors to the cultivators, and we went over on the occasion of an instructor's visit to this farm. The most notable improvements he was inculcating were (1) how a saving of a hundred per cent. in fuel was possible by substituting an oven-furnace for an open bonfire, and (2) how an increase of a hundred per cent. in the price of the *gûl* was obtainable by skimming off the filth before pouring it into the moulds. We hadn't been there five minutes before we suggested several equally subtle improvements, as any white man would have had to. For instance, the juice from the crushers was laboriously carried in pails to a big tub, and thence again baled out to take it to the cauldron or pan when that was ready for it. The crushers were cleverly placed on lower ground than the tub, and the tub than the cauldron. If they had been *vice versa* the juice would have flowed through pipes of itself, and much labour and fingering would have been saved. But when we gently

pointed this out to the owner he only smiled blandly and answered, "Ah, yes; but it will take time."

On the way here yesterday my host told me some lurid details about Hindu morals. Two of the few repeatable facts were that hardly any Hindu man keeps straight before marriage, and most of the well-to-do keep concubines afterwards. And they aren't a bit ashamed, he said of—well, practices which Juvenal would stickle at recording. In fact, many of them have religious sanction, or can be so excused. At the festival humorously called Holi "it is obligatory to say obscene things and meritorious to do them." And though the Brahmans sonorously preach morality, they are whited sepulchres of the most baneful type. In all these matters he declared the Christians were vastly better (I should hope they *were!*)—in fact, above the European standard, because their religion makes them ashamed of what their environment rubs in.

It's beginning to get hot here. I'm told that in Sindh in the hot weather they carry a coffin on every train!

VIII

SOUTHERN INDIA

i Plague precautions—Railway officials—Vijayanagar—Madras—Social functions—The Seven Pagodas—ii Church questions—Mass-movements—Two Indian slums—Madura—The Temples—Trichinopoly—iii Tanjore—An Indian view of Brahmans—A medical officer's story—The temple—The palace—Back to Bombay—iv Medical details—A fire—Bandra.

i

February 6, 1912, BUCKINGHAM CANAL, NEAR MADRAS.—I'm afraid my last letter may have been a very dull one, as I was so tired when I wrote it. So as I am now on the slowest conveyance known even in India, viz., a towed house-boat, I take the opportunity of beginning this week's.

I left Panjim (New Goa) on Thursday morning by the seven o'clock boat. The sunrise over the creek was lovely. We arrived off Mormumgao about a quarter-past eight, but the Republican Government had played us a little joke, and forbidden the boat to land us there on or after February 1st, which it was, on plea of plague. A curious result of plague is that it excites officials to take quite fatuous precautions against it, and no useful ones.

In this case it involved our being landed two miles farther on up the creek at Vasco da Gama, whence those bound for Mormumgao had to walk; similarly the plaguey people of Mormumgao walked out and got in at Vasco. I never heard that a two-mile walk killed fleas, and as the tug in any case never comes to the quayside at Mormumgao I can't see what was gained by the change.

While waiting for the train at Vasco I got some stamps. I wholly failed to get any of a higher value than twopence; they are almost unprocurable, but as one could get five different sorts new for a penny, I amassed a good many, *plus* some used ones the postmaster had.

On the way back in the train I tried to photograph some of the scenery, but I don't know whether they will come out.

I got as far as Dharwar that night. . . . I must say the missionary ladies are far more attractive than the ordinary run of women out here, not because they're better (which they are), nor because they're prettier (which they aren't), but because they have got something to do and are keen about it, which teaches them to say what they think, and this seems to me the one *sine qua non* of tolerable conversation—only, of course, it would result in total silence for some of the others if they adopted it as a rule.

From Dharwar I started on Friday morning at the savoury hour of four, and reached Hospet (which I marked on the map I sent you) at one

o'clock. Here occurred a characteristic scene with native officials. I had forgotten to re-book at the place where my return from Goa expired, and so as soon as I reached Hospet I went to the station-master and told him I had overridden my ticket and wanted to pay the difference. The station-master and ticket-collector thereupon consulted the book of rules, where they found that Rule 92 was to this effect: "If a passenger override his ticket, and on alighting inform the guard that he has done so before he is detected, he shall be liable to a penalty of one rupee: otherwise he shall pay double fare."

Would you believe it, these two fatuous officials tried the whole time I was eating luncheon to make me pay double fare because on alighting I had informed the stationmaster instead of the guard, so that my case came under "otherwise"! However, I was taking none of that argument; but it is typical of the way in which Indians are incapable of using one atom of discretion apart from the written rule. And when I offered to leave them my name and address, for a long time they would only reply: "That is not our will and pleasure."

From Hospet I proceeded seven miles to Hampi in a bullock-cart. This vehicle is innocent of springs, but has an awning, and they made me a bed of sugar-canes. It was not very uncomfortable, but a good deal too hot, and it took two hours, which is very good going for bullocks; they were little humpy ones and trotted quite well.

Hampi is one of the most remarkable places I have ever seen. You come suddenly on a range of granite hills steep and individual, like a region of giant ant-hills set base to base; and they are strewn from top to bottom with thousands of granite boulders of every conceivable shape, from round globes to beam-like slabs, piled and poised in every imaginable fantastic balance. The only things I ever saw at all like it were the Matoppos round Rhodes's grave, but Hampi was much bleaker and more weird, since, if I remember, the Matoppo boulders were well rounded. Strange balancing stones they both had in great numbers. Through these hills (Hampi is well in the range) runs the Tungabhadra River, a quick-flowing, eddying, swishing stream, boulder-strewn like a Dartmoor "water" and about a hundred and twenty (perhaps only a hundred) yards wide at this moment. It winds and splashes down a course that is too wild to be called a bed and too open to be called a gorge, and the huge boulders shone against the water in the evening sun, and monkeys sat and played on them.

On the banks of this river are the amazingly vast ruins of the great city of Vijayanagar, which I mentioned last week. From 1350 to 1560 the Hindu kings of Vijayanagar ruled over the whole of South India from the Kistna River to Cape Comorin, and incessantly fought the Mohammedan kings of the Deccan. Finally, in 1565, the four Mohammedan kings (I *think*: perhaps only the last two) of Ahmedabad, Ahmednagar, Bijapur,

and Golkonda combined and defeated the King of Vijayanagar, then at the height of his power, at the great battle of Talikot. The rout was so complete that Vijayanagar itself was not defended, and the Mohammedans burnt and sacked it for four months, since when it has been a desert. The Indians don't seem to come back to old sites as Europeans do.

The circuit of the city is twenty-four miles, and in extent the ruins are only comparable to those of Rome. The place is so inaccessible that it is not often visited, and I had no idea of its size, so I had only allowed one day there, which wasn't nearly enough. To go round the main buildings in the heart of the city near the river meant a walk of nearly eight miles. I walked from five o'clock to eight that evening, and though I was fearfully tired at the end (I had got up at four, remember), I enjoyed it enormously.

On first arriving, at half-past four, I had tea by the roadside on the top of a ridge overlooking the river. I sat looking along the river, which was on my left. Between me and it was the great temple (called Sri Pampapatiswami), with its *gopuram* (Fergusson explains what *gopurams* are) a hundred and sixty-five feet high, one of the largest in India. From the great temple the old Sacra Via led along the river, passing for the first half-mile down the stone skeleton of a splendid bazaar, each shop being framed in three monoliths, a weirdly ghostlike avenue, all still and

empty, with grass where the roadway had been. In front of me and behind were dotted scores of little temples and shrines of Greek simplicity made with huge monolithic blocks; while on the right, on the reverse slope of the ridge, was another large temple, Krishna's, much ruined, but as big as the Parthenon.

After tea I followed the sacred way, which after passing the bazaar became stone-flagged and wound along the river, cut in the rock and in one place tunnelling. The views down the gorge-bed were most attractive in the sunset; at one point were the piers of a big bridge.

After two and a half miles, and passing a few shrines and temples, this road ended in Witthoba's temple, easily the most beautiful Hindu temple I have seen. There were four pavilions in one enclosure, with finely pillared porticoes, the pillars elaborately carved. Very graceful thin pillars were joined to the thicker ones, giving a great effect of lightness. I find I can't draw it; perhaps Fergusson illustrates it, though his pictures of Vijayanagar are much less adequate than most.

By this time it was quite dark, and I had one and a quarter hour's walk under the full moon to the dak bungalow, through another long skeleton-bazaar ending in a great temple, then over rough ground and through all manner of courts, buildings, stables, and towns which I was too tired to notice much.

The dak bungalow is three miles from the

river and still well within the ruins, being itself a temple with the walls filled in by Government. One has to bring one's own food and bedding.

On Saturday I got up at six and tried to hire a pony to cover the ground: but the first man to promise me one (from a neighbouring village) afterwards said he had lost it, and finally only a colt was produced, which, when I mounted, stood as if about to spread-eagle, and refused to move: so I had recourse to the police-inspector's bicycle, which took me over two miles till the road petered out; and I did the rest on foot. I went over the same ground as before, in reverse order, as the book said there was nothing so fine among the other ruins, and I wanted to take some photographs: of which I took seven. In the courtyard of the great temple the monkeys came down and let me feed them.

I rejoined the bullock-cart at ten o'clock and caught the one o'clock train at Hospet for Madras.

We got to Madras at six on Sunday morning. Just outside they gave us all passports, which you have to present in person for endorsement to the health officer every day for seven days, another futile precaution against plague. However, I got exempted.

I had a bath and changed at the station and went to St. Mary's Church, the oldest English church in India, where there was Parade Service at eight followed by a Celebration.

After church I met my hostess, and she took me up to their house in her motor. . . .

After tea two ladies called, and they took me for two hours round Madras in the motor, which finally ran out of petrol at a quarter-past seven, four miles from the house, with a dinner-party at eight. I stopped a passing car and asked for petrol, and the owner, a native banker, most kindly took us all three home in his own car, right out of his way. He told me that people had been so kind to him when he was in England that he was always glad to repay it.

Madras is a very extensive town, being spaced out with avenues, gardens, and estuaries. Teynampet, where the bishop lives, is five miles from the centre. It is all as flat as your palm, but there is a constant breeze off the sea, and the roads are all finely shaded avenues of banyan and other big trees. Consequently it does not seem as hot as Bombay, being less steamy, though the actual temperature is slightly higher now (about 75 at night and 82 by day: Bombay about three degrees lower); but in the hot weather Madras goes up to 103, whereas Bombay never exceeds 94, neither comparing with the great plains, which reach 120. Madras too is distinctly greener than Bombay, with lots of palms and nice cannas, etc., in the gardens. The reason is that though Bombay gets eighty inches to Madras's forty, Bombay gets it from the south-west monsoon, June to October, and is now drying up; whereas

Madras gets it from the north-east monsoon, October to December, and is still fresh.

We got back in the Good Samaritan's motor just in time for dinner. There was a party of I.C.S. people; they are always interesting because they have such interesting things to do. The one who sat next me had been trying to buy Pondicherry. It is as great a nuisance to this side of India as Goa is to the other—smugglers, criminals, and refugees. Just now the chief murderers of Ashe, the Tinnevelly collector, are squatting there and smuggling books and guns into British territory. We can't get at them because we foolishly classed them as political offenders and not as ordinary murderers.

They say the French administration is very corrupt and incompetent, and the cat's paw of Paris cliques. The French at home won't spend money on it, and they can only get third-rate people to go there. I believe it is largely primogeniture that gets us such good men.

On Monday morning I did some shopping and saw the results of my first photographs. Out of twelve only three were spoilt, which I thought rather good, though the shopman was a little supercilious about it.

In the afternoon about a dozen Indians came to tea and we played tennis. They were nearly all Nationalists. In the evening I dined out with some nice I.M.S. people, and we went on to the I.C.S. ball, which is the chief event of the Madras season.

Such is the shortage of girls that all the nice ones are booked by telephone during the day, and often have their programmes (which are rigidly adhered to) filled up before they arrive at the ballroom.

However, I got four dances, and then went down to supper with a lady who has been here forty years and was great on the virtues of Anglo-Indian women, who are the only ones who can be happy roughing it; a civilian's wife often has to move her household five hundred miles at three days' notice, selling and buying furniture often two or three times a year.

I got home about 1.30 on Tuesday morning. In the afternoon I embarked on this boat to go to the Seven Pagodas, which are fully described by Fergusson, though he calls the place Mahavellipore.

So far, we have taken just sixteen hours to do twenty-four miles, and there are five more to do. I was due to arrive at seven o'clock and it is already nearly nine, so I shall find it hot.

5 *p.m.*—I have now started back from the Seven Pagodas. It is an extremely curious place. There is a shore of sandy waste with big granite boulders and two granite ridges. The inhabitants apparently had a craze for live-rock-carving about A.D. 500, and proceeded first to cut the smaller ridge entirely up into five temples, four in a row and the fifth in front. They are all elaborately carved and

look just as if they had been built; but in fact they are just carved out, like a statue. Besides these five *raths* (*i.e.*, cars, as each has wheels carved at the base) they carved a whole series of ordinary cave temples in the side of the big ridge, as well as two enormous bas-reliefs of the Penance of Arjan. The bigger is ninety feet long and thirty feet high and full of figures. There is also a built temple on the very edge of the sea, of very good proportions, one of the oldest Dravidian temples known; and there is an ordinary temple inland still used.

Fergusson has an interesting section on the place quite early in his book.

ii

February 13, 1912, MADURA.—This letter will have to be curtailed, as mail-day, being earlier down here, has surprised me in the middle of my wanderings.

I stayed two extra days at Madras—till Sunday evening. While there I had a most interesting talk with the Bishop of Madras about Church matters. He is a bit of a pro-native and wants native management of Church matters. In this he is, to me, clearly right. The mass-movement of the depressed classes is the governing factor in the situation. Up to forty years ago missionaries deliberately avoided evangelizing them for

fear of putting off caste-people: but lately they have turned to them—like the "king's wedding" parable—and the response is such that there can be little doubt that with adequately staffed missions practically the whole of the outcaste classes throughout India would be Christian in fifty years.

They number fifty millions, and their detachment from Hinduism will be a catastrophic blow to its whole social system, for Christianity means education, and that means ceasing to be depressed classes.

This being so (and in Madras Diocese the actual increase is sixty per cent. in the past ten years) it becomes a question of mathematics. Fifty million Christians means ten thousand clergy if reasonable efficiency is to be possible. The white clergy of all denominations number about three thousand (or less, I think). So that the native pastorate is a matter of urgent necessity. In Madras Diocese they are gradually eliminating the Englishmen. Already there are eighty Indian clergy to seventy English, and the English in *mission*-stations cannot be more than forty. At present there are quite self-governing native local boards, but the chairmen of central boards still have to be English. The immediately next step is the creation of a native bishop (his name is Azariah), whom the Bishop hopes to consecrate as an assistant-bishop before this year is out. His diocese is to be an entirely new mission district with no whites, four hundred Christians, and two

million population: the four hundred are the fruit of eighteen months' work. It seems ideal ground for the experiment. The step in itself is wholly good. . . .

As for the effect of the mass-movement on the caste-people, the Bishop said they have been more impressed by it than by anything else the Church has ever done. The caste-people despise our metaphysics and lukewarmly admire our ethics, but the transformation we have wrought in four million people, whom Hinduism has systematically brutalized for centuries, is a testimony to the dynamic force of Christianity which they can't blink. It is this that has forced them to turn their own high-caste selves to the "uplifting of the depressed classes," but this belated effort of theirs can hardly stem the tide, since they have no gospel to preach to the outcastes except "Believe in the brotherhood of Indians and remain as you are *plus* a little education," and as hardly any Brahman will consent to touch a Pariah with his little finger, the brotherhood will strike the latter as rather theoretical, whereas the white clergy, to whom Brahmans kow-tow, handle them and fondle their children and teach them and father them and change their whole outlook on life.

I went slumming on Thursday evening with one of these high-caste raisers of the depressed classes —one of the best: he should be a Christian. He took me first to the Wuddars, about the highest of the Madras outcaste tribes, who are the town

dustmen. They lived in a long street of one hundred and fifty huts a side, and they had exercised their calling at home more efficiently than I had expected. The place was quite fairly clean, and they had a good brick common w.c. at one end. The huts were shaped like a piece of note-paper made to stand with its crease upwards, about six feet high in the middle, six feet broad at the base, and nine feet long, with one diminutive door two feet six high and no other aperture of any kind. I went into one: the only furniture was a few cooking-pots, and a stick fire was burning which filled the place with eye-stinging smoke. All the people thought I was a Government official, so I assembled them and asked questions. Their grievance was low pay (seven rupees a month) and higher prices (a hundred per cent. rise in ten years). They wished Government would oftener send *sahibs* round to see about them (that was interesting). They wanted a better water-supply: otherwise they had few complaints. They said they shared things when in distress, but would on no account move more than forty miles from Madras in search of work. They hadn't much disease, except small-pox, and they believed in vaccination. I asked a boy when he had last washed: he said a month ago; he did not know how old he was. No *padres* had been there: they were grateful that the Brahmans deigned to think of them. One boy in the place could read; ten others had been to a neighbouring theosophist

school, but on seeing birch-rods there had come away again.

After that I went through the sweepers' quarter —they are the lowest of all and a Pariah won't touch them—and there the filth and stink was indescribable: in front of the huts stretched a long open cesspool or w.c., the contents of which could not be seen for the millions of flies and mosquitoes on it, but one's other senses left one in little doubt of their nature: and the naked children were playing round and even in it.

I did not stop to ask questions—I couldn't: but I reflected that I had seen streets of the same caste (in the 'Nagar district) after thirty years' Christianity; and that those, though dirty, were hospital wards compared to these, while the people's faces here were visibly more bestial and less human. It does seem cruel to have to leave creatures in that condition from sheer fewness of labourers; but I'm thankful to say I don't think they will have to wait long. Hitherto in this diocese all the missions have been in villages, where the people are stable and accessible: that is why the city has been neglected; but just think of the effect when a missionary first appears among those horrible people and proves he cares for them and loves them, and teaches them to be clean and human.

Wednesday, TRICHINOPOLY.—On Sunday evening I left for Madura, which I reached on Monday

at noon. It is the second biggest town in this Presidency, 135,000 population. It was the seat of an ancient Hindu kingdom, that of the Pandyas, until Vijayanagar absorbed it: and after the fall of Vijayanagar it was great again, and it was then that the famous temples and palace were built. Like so many of the best buildings in India (for instance, the Taj and the rest at Agra and Delhi, the Bijapur tombs, two of the Goa churches, and so on), they were built between 1630 and 1680.

I stayed with the chaplain, who was extremely kind.

At five o'clock I went to see the temple. It is the most disappointing sight I have yet seen; yet every one agrees it is the finest Dravidian temple in India. Why Dravidian temples are so ineffective is explained by Fergusson, but I will add the peculiarly repulsive features of the place from my own experience:—

1. You never at any time or place can see the whole temple: there is no architectural unity about it at all. In this it well symbolizes the Hindu religion. All Dravidian temples are built in concentric squares, but either the partition walls are too high, or the things to be seen are roofed over: so that you never see anything of a given aisle, court, hall, tower, chapel, or portico until you are actually inside it.

2. All the art is put into the details of sculpture, and (*a*) every piece of sculpture is whitewashed so thickly that eighty per cent. of the beauty and all the delicacy is obliterated, and the whitewash moreover is *filthy*; (*b*) the sculpture of the *gopurams* is all in painted stucco and the figures are grotesque and hideous; and (*c*) the shrines are smeared with offerings of *ghee* (native butter) and stink abominably.

3. The whole place swarms with odious people, the corridors are turned into bazaars with hustling mobs, and guides and beggars pester one (as they did at Rhodes): the heat is great and the smells are offensive.

The palace is a far statelier building as a whole, with great Norman columns and almost Gothic roofing.

I left Madura this morning at 6.15—the temperature was about 83° all the time there—and came on here, where I saw the great Sri Rangam temple (Fergusson's Seringham), to which the same remarks apply as to Madura; and also the fort, a queer sheer rock from which one sees thirty miles over flat, fertile country all round. It was to save this that Clive seized Arcot.

My train is now waiting to take me to Tanjore, where I shall have to post this.

iii

February 20th, CUMBALLA HILL, BOMBAY.—I think I last wrote from Trichinopoly. I went on to Tanjore that evening and stayed with the kind S.P.G. missionary there. He has been in Tanjore since 1875, and has never been home since 1889, and now never goes even to Madras.

But even more interesting were two native Christians who were staying there—one was the vicar, an old and uneducated man; the other was a doctor, the medical officer of a neighbouring district and very intelligent. Both were Tinnevelly Christians descended from outcaste converts: the distance between them and their grandfathers was one of two thousand years in civilization. Both hated the Brahmans and told me several stories of their tyranny and intolerance. (Tanjore is a great centre of Brahmans.) The main complaint was that they monopolized the Government offices and used their power solely to job for other Brahmans: no Christian could get his grievances attended to by them, and if a Christian did manage to get into the services, he was systematically given bad reports by his Brahman superiors. . . .

The corollary of these two's hatred of Brahmans was, of course, devotion to the British as their only bulwark against them. The padre said: "You English do not understand how separate

we are from other castes and races. The English are very like the French (Tanjore is close to Pondicherry), and so you think Pariahs are like Brahmans and Madrasis are like Bengalis, just as you are like the French. But it is quite different. You and the French have so many things in common, but what have I in common with a Bengali or a Brahman? Nothing. His race, his language, his religion, his customs, his sympathies are the opposite of mine: he only wishes to make me his serf."

The doctor had another set of illuminating stories of the innumerable attempts which are made to bribe him, not only by criminals but by the police, over post-mortems.

I will only quote one, as they were all much the same. The police sent him a man for post-mortem as "Found Drowned": he had been fished out of a canal. The doctor found seventeen wounds on him and his carotid severed, and reported so. The police sent back the report with a verbal message to say that if he would re-write it and certify that death was due to drowning, he would receive five hundred rupees. It was suggested that the seventeen wounds should be ascribed to fishes! The other stories were much the same; but he says it happens less often now, because they send their "doubtful" post-mortems to the neighbouring medical officer, who is a Hindu and presumably more accommodating.

In the morning I went with my host to see the temple. After Madura and Sri Rangam it was a joy. It is not nearly so large, but quite large enough, and has none of their faults. Its plan is simple and easily taken in and very well-proportioned. A road leads under two successive gates into a big open courtyard, about seven acres in extent. Round the court runs a little cloister with cells. Near the far end rises the great *gopuram*, two hundred feet high, with the main shrine in its base. On either side are two small chapels detached. In front, in the centre of the court, is a pillared portico with the big Sacred Bull under its shadow.

There are a few other buildings, but not enough to hide or confuse the plan of the place.

There was no whitewash, and the place was empty and silent, with lovely peacocks in the court. There was space and openness and design: it was like coming from a cellar to a quadrangle. The carving, especially of the small chapels, was really fine and graceful, not overcrowded, but beautifully done, and running more to pillars and curves than to hobgoblins.

The only blemish was a lot of horrible paintings on the cloister walls. These had been done in honour of the Prince of Wales's visit in 1875.

In the afternoon I saw the palace, which has two rather fine Durbar halls, but they were painted in every loud colour over every square

inch. There ought to be a law against painting stone.

I took the night mail to Madras, which I reached on Friday morning: I had to spend the day there, as the Bombay mail leaves in the evening. It is a thirty-three hours' journey, so I spent all Saturday crossing the Deccan, a flat and treeless country, but highly cultivated and a good cotton soil. It was, however, looking very dry, except just round the two great rivers Tungabhadra and Kistna, which we crossed, both about half a mile wide, but now broken up into a number of small streams and pools.

I haven't seen any of the great rivers of the north, except the Jamna: I have seen all the four great southern ones—Godavari, Kistna, Tungabhadra, and Cauvery, and they rank with the Olifants and the Orange rather than with the Zambesi; but in the rains they look very different.

IV

Ash Wednesday, 1912, BOMBAY.—After leaving Madura I didn't stop long enough anywhere to see much of people. But at Tanjore I met a most interesting native Christian health officer, who told me a lot of stories which could be worked up into thrilling detective stories, especially one about a hanging woman, which is too long for me to

repeat now, as I must be very brief to-night. He also told me that all his predecessors at his district hospital had been Brahmans, and had never allowed a Pariah in for treatment. They had to stand in the outer courtyard, and their bandages, etc., were *thrown* to them: of course they could never be operated upon. He has insisted on admitting them, and has got Rs. 6,000 from the Government for a Pariah ward: but every native official refused his application for it, till he took it up to the English at Madras.

Talking of hospitals reminds me that Peer Mohammed told me two curious things in connection with the plague at Benares, where he lives. Two years ago he had a daughter inoculated for plague and she died of it within twenty days, and he says he knows of that having happened to other people, which seems to show there is a risk of the inoculation giving one the disease. He also said that the Doms (who are the sweeper-caste there) never have plague, though they are filthy and eat the flour in which rats have died. If this is true, does it mean that they inoculate themselves by eating plaguey food, or is it because they are untouchable to other castes and have no stores of food at home to attract rats?

Yesterday there was a huge cotton-fire at Colaba: we drove down to see it, but as a spectacle it was less impressive than a "bonner," the flame was not at all a bright one.

This afternoon we went for a lovely drive to

Bandra, through the Mahim woods, a forest of coco-nut-palms with twilight villages hidden among the stems of its pillared shade. Bandra is a resort of Bombay daily-breaders, being ten miles out and on the shore.

We lost our way coming back, and so I have had very little time to write this before dinner. At ten to-night we start for Manmad, which begins the third and last lap of my travels.

IX

SOUTH INDIAN TOPICS

i Nationalist leaders—Indians and the Civil Service—ii The seclusion of Madras—The Servants of India—Nationalist claims: the conflict of evidence—"National Idealism"—iii Centralization and bureaucracy—An account of the Bengal affair—iv Madras Christian College—Caste in Church and State—The police again—An Indian view of cricket.

i

February 5, 1912, MADRAS.—The Nationalist leaders here are extremely nice to talk to, and I think perfectly sincere. They admit the necessity of British rule for a long time to come yet, but they think a much larger percentage of Civil Service appointments should be given to them. In this respect their first demand is for simultaneous examinations, viz., an I.C.S. examination at Calcutta simultaneously with that in London. In itself that seems to me reasonable, but practically it would, I should think, bring about the breakdown of the examination system, which is already extremely difficult to work satisfactorily out here, in the Universities. What happens is that when

books are set for the B.A. degree (just as books are set for Greats or History at Oxford), the Indians learn them absolutely off by heart. Consequently if you set a question like "What did Mill owe to Ricardo?" they will write down Mill's whole chapter on Ricardo *verbatim* without comment. Then when they are ploughed they hold protest meetings, sign petitions, agitate the Press, and even riot and mob the Senate House, demanding that all who have failed by one mark only should be passed, and so on. Learning by heart is their sole idea of education at present: the Brahmans often teach their children the whole of some Sanskrit epic by heart, before the children understand a word of Sanskrit: and they're all about as long as the Old Testament.

As for this Nationalist demand, the two sides give flatly contradictory evidence. Every English civil servant tells you that whenever an Indian has been given the final responsibility for any department, things have gone hopelessly wrong, and that their municipal corporations, etc., are as corrupt and incompetent as they can be. The Indians tell one that they are never given the chance of a free hand, and that English officials have an *idée fixe* that they will fail, and so never let them try. In the few cases, like the judicial service, where Indians rise to the top, they are as competent as English: and their corporations are no worse than English ones, and would be better if they weren't official-ridden. My own impression is that in point

of fact the Anglo-Indians are right, but that they don't try enough to teach Indians the right way to regard public service. They give them their own example, of course, but then every Indian regards every Englishman as a confirmed madman, so that mere example doesn't have its due effect. Also the Anglo-Indians, being thoroughly English, think that because Indians are clever therefore they are not able: whereas many of them are very able as well as clever: what they haven't got is moral courage and stamina and "character" in that sense. But there are exceptions, and we ought to be keenly on the look-out for them and snap them up into our service.

If the Nationalists had their way now, I'm afraid the administration would soon fall into hopeless chaos: but I don't believe the men I've met here are selfish and merely want to recover the Brahman monoply. They are quite unconscious of their weakness, and of course nothing will convince them of it—just like the Celts, who know they are cleverer than the Saxons, and will never see that that is no proof that they are as fit to govern.

ii

February 7th, MADRAS.—Madras has an air of its own, an air of peace and mildness and content. It has had good rains this year and looks much fresher than the districts dependent on the south-west

monsoon. I believe it has only had one recent famine, the great one of 1877–8, when five million people died and the canal was dug. The natives are said to be the nicest and quietest in all India, and the whole place looks it. The I.C.S. people complain bitterly of the way they are always treated—neglected and sent to the wall. Bombay calls it the "benighted Presidency." The Government of India never asks for Madras civil servants; it is ignored. Certainly it was very shabbily treated over the Durbar. Only seven honours, I'm told, out of four hundred and fifty were given to the whole Presidency—Bombay, no bigger, had about fifty or sixty—the King never came near it, and their Governor has been filched for Bengal. They are all so hurt about this that they take no interest in the change of capital or in the Bengal policy.

My hosts are friends of all the Nationalist leaders here and have asked several of them up for me to meet—none whose names are known in England, but quite important ones.

The first two to come were both members of Gokhale's Society of the Servants of India. This Society has about twenty-five members, who, after undergoing a four-years novitiate, take seven vows to the effect that they will devote their lives to the service of India unselfishly and without thought of gain. They are vowed to poverty (thirty rupees a month), and are non-political; but of course all the members are Nationalists, and (I

expect) Hindus of high caste; so that it is in great danger of degenerating into politics. At present they teach the poor, slum among the out-castes (behold Brahmanism shamed into imitating Christianity, clean against its own system!), and perform other philanthropic works. One of them is going to take me to see his slum work to-morrow: it involves breaking caste, of course, but apparently they dispense themselves.

The next day I met a Brahman who is a publisher of Nationalist works and the Secretary of the League for the Protection of Indians in South Africa (of which the Bishop is President). He explained to me the Indian grievance in South Africa, not adding anything new, except that he considered it a fallacy to suppose that the more expensive standard of living which white people have is a sign or part of higher civilization, and that he himself still lived in a native house, though he had made a lot of money, and when he saw young English clerks on three hundred rupees a month taking houses at eighty rupees a month, he thought their ostentation barbarous and a selfish wastefulness.

After tea he complained of the Anglo-Indian attitude. He said they had so come to regard India-ruling as their Divine right that they unreasonably denied that any Indian could rule anything, and when proposals to give charge of anything to Indians were mentioned to them it instantly roused their spleen.

I've no doubt that that is true. Nine times out

of ten the Anglo-Indian is right, and so when the tenth and exceptional man comes along he refuses to judge him on his merits.

But you get, of course, a direct conflict of evidence, the I.C.S telling you that it is fearfully hard to find a trustworthy man for a native post, and the natives telling you that trustworthy men are not given a fair chance or proportion of posts. I here believe the I.C.S., and a proof is the judicial service. The Indians told me that so far as that went, at least, there was no reason why there should be a single English judge. The English tell you that the native judges follow precedents slavishly, and that native magistrates are corrupt. The proof of which if right is that native litigants often ask to be tried before English judges, and never ask not to be.

When I get an opportunity I will try and find out what they think about the Durbar, etc. A Mohammmedan merchant who came to tea approved of the changes, because, he said (sententiously), the aspirations of the Bengalis had been satisfied, and (with a grin) the capital was now to be Delhi. This man seems to me to have more sense than his co-religionists in Bengal. He did not seem to think much of the "shattered good faith of England," which is the only big argument, in my humble judgment, on the other side. But since everything goes by comparison, perhaps England could break faith every Durbar and still be regarded as a fabulous monster of honesty.

I am reading an anti-English and most interesting book called "Essays in National Idealism," by Ananda Coomaraswamy. He makes out a good case on many points, especially education, but the book as a whole is far the gravest indictment of the Nationalist movement, quite apart from sedition, that I have yet seen. It is fundamentally reactionary, and settles what are really ethical questions by æsthetic standards, as I believe the Irish do. For instance, he compares Imperialism to a gardener who roots up a soil's natural flowers and plants sickly ones of a single type from a different soil. On that analogy we have done wrong in trying to eradicate the rank and luxuriant Indian growths of war, corruption, tyranny, and cruelty, and in replacing them by the sickly exotics of peace, honesty, justice, and mercy. The root of the whole conflict seems to me to be the question of the transmigration of souls.

III

February 11th.—I have stayed on here another two days because my host pressed me to, and he was so interesting that I gladly did.

Of course he talked most about ecclesiastical affairs, but he said the most interesting things about the change of capitals that I have heard here. Most people here are indifferent, and say, "Government will be farther off than ever, but in any case

we can't be more neglected than we are now, and we may hear less of Calcutta." But my host argues thus: Hitherto Madras has been tied hand and foot to the apron-strings of the Government of India. For instance, he gave this example: One of the clergy (Government chaplains) in Madras had to go away on sick-leave for three months. The Bishop got another chaplain to take his work as an extra for that time *gratis*, but had to grant him £20 travelling expenses. This arrangement saved appointing a new chaplain, and therefore saved the Government £60. But the Government of Madras are in such a funk of the Government of India that they dared not sanction the expenditure, and it had to go to Calcutta. Permission was then granted, and arrived, after four months, when the sick chaplain was back. Similarly every legislative reform has to be referred at each comma to Calcutta, and takes about five years to get through.

This over-centralization has grown possible because the Government of India is identified with the biggest city in India, so that the balance is upset: Bombay suffers almost as much as Madras; whereas in future Calcutta will be a counterpoise to the Government of India, and never having been fettered it won't submit to asking Delhi's permission to spend every £10. There is, therefore, great hope that Calcutta's independence will win independence for Madras and Bombay, since every Presidency will have to be treated alike, and the balance may be restored.

If all this is true, I think this bureaucratic centralization is quite a legitimate grievance with the native politicians. It must choke the machine so that the work can only be got through by a mechanical rigidity of officialism. Thus, I am told, the Calcutta people know very little about South India, but try and force on it exact conformity to the Bengal pattern of administration. Then when they are criticized they denounce the critics as seditious.

This intolerance of criticism seems to me, as an outsider, one of the greatest defects of the Government here. It is the demoralizing effect of autocracy—the vice of schoolmasters on an Imperial scale. But the result is that they tend not to employ or trust any man with a spark of independence, and so drive honest men into the same pen with real disloyalists. Consequently they are unsympathetic to even the best native thought, and from this misunderstanding arises most of the friction and suspicion that were so rife a little while ago. When Lord Morley's reforms were first promulgated, they wouldn't put any of these important natives on to the Executive Councils, but appointed in each case a "safe" and useless man, and then complained that the Native Member of Council was no use. Whereas if, *e.g.*, Bombay had appointed Gokhale, the ablest man (they say) of any colour in India, he might have done a tremendous lot.

That, at least, is roughly the Liberal (in a real sense) point of view, as voiced by the moderate

Nationalists who are loyal. I must say I think their point is a just one: and the facts are hardly disputable in regard to the present state of things. Where I think (I have to give what I think for want of knowing better qualified people's thoughts) the Nationalists wrong is in imagining Indians are competent administrators. Experience proves clearly that very few of them are. Good government requires that we should run the machine for a long time to come yet: but we ought to jump at every really good Indian and use him, instead of driving him into opposition—remember the wisdom of Augustus. And we ought not to be afraid of criticism: and a lot of the Indian criticism is good. Above all, we ought to keep our fingers on the pulse of Indian thought (and this is where Native Members of Council could be supremely useful), and be sympathetic to their ideas which are not our ideas. In matters like education we have been stupidly Western, and this galls the best Indians who care for Indian ideals.

The more intelligent, sympathetic, and liberal we are the more we shall isolate the disloyalists, and strengthen our position: and Heaven and civilization demand that we should not abandon India, at any rate till the Brahman power and monopoly is broken: to hand India over to them (as they now are) would be to set back the clock three thousand years.

I heard the following account of the Bengal

affair, from an Englishman who was in Calcutta up to 1900. The universities were very incompetently run. They are governed by senates, and a fellowship or seat on the senate had been used by Government as a cheap "honour," to palm off on promiscuous people. Consequently the university staff, course, and so on was settled by quite unfit persons, and the standard had got very low; so that hundreds of men were in the universities who had no business to be there at all. In fact, seventy per cent. of the students were unfit. The universities charged extremely low fees and could only keep solvent by admitting large numbers, so that they dared not raise their standard for fear of driving the seventy per cent. to other universities. Consequently, the examinations, lectures, etc., were all framed for the unfit seventy per cent., and the fit thirty per cent. were intellectually starved. The numbers are so big and staffs so small that individual tuition is impossible. (Last year the candidates for matriculation in Calcutta University alone numbered ten thousand, of whom three thousand passed.)

Things were so bad that only Government could cope with it, and as Government finances the universities, it had ample right to interfere. Lord Curzon's scheme was to screw up the whole thing all round—raise the fees, lessen the numbers, stiffen the examinations, and reform the senates. This was a difficult task anyway, and the talk of Government interference was so phrased as to be understood

in some quarters as a menace. Consequently when the Bill appeared raising the fees and making a university career less easy, the educated Indians read into it sinister motives. They thought its aim was to reduce their numbers by seventy-five per cent. in order to weaken their power correspondingly. So they joined with the vested interests, viz., the university mandarins, and the seventy-five per cent. to oppose the whole scheme. The storm began in the Calcutta University, of which Lord Curzon was *ex-officio* Chancellor, and throughout the Bengalis took a leading part.

Lord Curzon was naturally angry with the Bengalis for opposing and in many points thwarting him. He regarded them as an unfriendly faction, whose power he would be glad to reduce.

Then came the question of Partition. It was necessary to divide Bengal for purely administrative reasons ; the only question was how to divide it. Well, the division ultimately adopted was one that left the Hindu Bengalis in a minority in both halves, since in Eastern Bengal they were outnumbered by Mohammedans (who are uneducated), while in Bengal itself they were outnumbered by the Oriyas, etc.

Whether Lord Curzon chose this division for this reason nobody knows, but since he was known to have his knife into the Bengalis, it was inevitable that they should think so : hence their agitation. The remarkable thing about that agitation was that it revealed the solidarity of the educated

Indian politicians. The national idea had taken hold of them strongly enough to show them the value of acting together: and this was the first time they did so. Lord Curzon had not foreseen this new factor, and imagined he could ride roughshod over the educated Bengalis; but the result was he raised a hornets' nest all over India.

The unrest has now subsided, largely owing to Lord Morley's reforms; but it may break out again when some fresh question raises a grievance. And when that comes we are likely to find a number of really good men in opposition who might have been won to our side.

IV

February, 1912, MADURA.—I have been moving in ecclesiastical circles all this week. It's much more thrilling than it sounds, because there is everywhere an atmosphere of expectation, which one does not find at home. I only rather regret having only seen the Church of England at work. I did go round the Madras Christian College, however, which is run mainly by Presbyterians. It is a very big one: there are eight hundred boys in the college and nine hundred in the school. They have a compulsory Scripture lesson, but no evangelizing. There are about a hundred Christians in the college, and of the remaining seven hundred about five hundred are Brahmans.

It is extremely rare for them to convert anyone; but the boys assimilate a great deal of Christian ethics into their Hinduism, and their minds are cleared of active hostility or blind prejudices against it. The religious value of this familiarity may be realized by some future generation. It will help to steer them clear of the danger of mass-movements. A sudden Christianity is a dangerous thing. Down here they haven't yet shaken off caste; and you get Christian congregations which drive Pariahs out of the churches, or demand a separate chalice, or refuse to work among them. In bad cases the bishop interdicts the congregation till it submits.

I saw a very practical illustration of the defects of the caste-system when I went slumming in Madras. The condition of the sweepers' quarter was unspeakably filthy; and they told me it belonged to a high-caste landlord, to whom it would be pollution to come and see for himself the fœtid condition of his property. It really was rather painful to see. The only alleviating touch was introduced by the two imps who showed us the way. We passed an old cow tethered by the hind-leg. We stepped over the rope, but they both suddenly went flat on their faces in the dirt and crawled under it, explaining with grins that it was not right to show disrespect to cows. If you could have seen the cow!

I met a police-officer in Madras who for once stood up for that much-abused body. He denied,

for instance, that they ever tortured; but some of the things he admitted they *did* do seem to be almost worse. For instance, he told us a story of how they were short of evidence against a suspected murderer: so they badgered him till he was cowed, and then induced him to confess by promising to do their best to get him off if he would. Once they had extorted the confession they proceeded without delay to try, convict, and hang him. This strikes me as at least a gross violation of the decencies of criminal investigation.

Of course the native police think us wholly unreasonable in objecting to their little practices. As they pathetically complained to their chief in Bombay, "A crime is committed. If we catch no prisoner, the *sahibs* blame us. If we catch one, and make him confess, they blame us still more." The same man who stood up for the Indian police was rather scathing about Indian judges. He said they weren't corrupt, though native litigants always assumed they were: but they were often incompetent, and he also instanced one who was always drunk and another who was a physical wreck. Of course one source of difficulty is that the I.C.S. people, being very competent themselves, are so intolerant of incompetence that they can't endure to wait while Indians learn through their own mistakes. That is why the old-fashioned civilian is disgusted at the amount of work entrusted to Indians already, and I have heard them say they will

never advise a son of theirs to come out here, as it is "no longer a white man's country!"

That reminds me, this place is afflicted with the quaint curse of Eurasian beggars. The Eurasian's prime aim in life is to prove himself a white man, so he will never do manual work, and often, being quite uneducated, he is reduced to begging. But even begging has to be done *sahib*-fashion: so they drive up to your door in a *bandi* (which *you* have to pay for) and tell you a heartrending story of their destitution; but if you are moved to give them a cast-off pair of trousers, they insist on your sending your servant to carry it home for them.

I forgot to tell you last week a pleasing story I heard from one of the South Mahratta country clergy. He introduced cricket into his school to foster a manly spirit, and the boys got quite keen on it. Gradually he evolved a team and arranged a match with a neighbouring school. He told his team that they must work their hardest to win, and to encourage them he gave them fifteen rupees to spend on new bats or whatever would be most useful. When the day came, the team turned out for the match full of quiet confidence, but with all their old accoutrements. "Why," asked the *padre*, "what have you done with those fifteen rupees I gave you?" "Well, sir," replied the captain, "we thought it best to spend it *all* on the umpire."

They won.

X

THE MOGHULĂI

i From Bombay to Daulatabad—An extraordinary fortress—The caves of Ellora—A Mohammedan festival—A C.M.S. mission—Two warm receptions and a confirmation—ii Moghulai administration—Defects and advantages—Nature of a Christian's oath—The story of the rupee and the coco-nut—A touch of the sun.

i

February 25th, ROZA, DECCAN.—This professes to be a tour of C.M.S. missions with Jim, but so far we have seen much less of missions than of other things.

I left Bombay on Wednesday night by a train which contrived to take eleven hours over the hundred and sixty miles to Manmad, which we reached at nine o'clock in the morning. It is the point on the main Bombay-Calcutta line where the Hyderabad railway branches off.

At Manmad we were joined by two S.P.G. ladies from Ahmednagar (where I toured a month ago), Jim thinking it would promote good relations if they could personally visit the C.M.S. ladies.

At noon the whole five of us embarked in a special saloon which they had attached for Jim to the slowest and hottest train I have yet endured out here. It must have been well up the nineties. The Deccan was as bare and flat and veld-like as ever, and it took us four hours to reach Daulatabad.

There are three cities close together, each of some historical importance, viz., Daulatabad, Aurangabad, and Roza.

Daulatabad was a famous Hindu fortress, being called Deogiri in those days. In 1293 it was captured by Ala-ud-din, who was the greatest of the second set of Mohammedan emperors at Delhi. This sportsman not only changed its name to Daulatabad, but removed thither the whole population of Delhi *en bloc*, in a famine year, too! It is the most extraordinary fortress I have ever seen. An isolated hill rises out of the plain, five hundred feet high, in shape a perfect pyramid, but the bottom hundred feet are perpendicular, just as if cut with a knife: in fact, one can hardly believe it is natural, though the natives say it is, and no tool-marks are visible: but the whole hill looks artificial.

The only way up to the citadel passes through a long tunnel which winds in total darkness through the rock, like a rabbit-hole. Where it emerges at the top it used to be covered with an iron shutter, which we saw; and in siege-time this shutter was heated red-hot, a device which absolutely "diddled" all besiegers.

The city of Aurangabad is named after Aurangzeb, who made it his capital for some time; but we have not been there yet. We drove from Daulatabad eight miles up to this place, Roza, which is where Aurangzeb is buried. It is also the burial-place of a Moslem saint, and a great place of pilgrimage: and we happen to have hit off the days of the yearly feast.

There is no mission here, but we have come up for three days to see the famous caves of Ellora. These thirty-two caves are cut along the base of a long ridge some five hundred feet high, on the top of which Roza stands.

There is a lovely view for miles over the plain below us, and it is only a mile by road down to the caves. Some of them are marvellous efforts. Of the thirty-two, the first twelve are Buddhist and date from A.D. 350 to 750. They are mostly plain pillared halls with cells and chapels, with one *chaitya*, which is very like a church.

Then come fifteen Brahmanical caves dating A.D. 600 to 800. These are much more elaborate and the walls are sculptured with reliefs. In the middle of them is the Kailasa Temple, and beyond them are five Jain caves, dating 850 to 1300, and much more highly finished in detail than the others.

But the Kailasa Temple is *the* wonder of the place. Like all the caves, it is carved out of live rock, but in this case alone they've carved it

from the open air above, instead of leaving it a cave. So it is a complete cathedral framed in the hillside. The top and front are open to the air: the sides and back are about twenty feet from the rock-wall. The dimensions of the temple are one hundred and sixty-four feet long, one hundred and nine feet wide, and ninety-six feet high: it looks about as big as St. Mary's at Oxford, *minus* the spire. The whole is most elaborately carved, and it is almost incredible that it is a monolith. Fergusson is sure to have pictures of it.

We went out this evening to see the *mela*, or feast. To-day is the great day of it. There are, the *tasildar* told us, a hundred thousand people in Roza, whereof the normal population is two thousand two hundred and eighteen: so you can imagine the state of the village tank, in which all the pilgrims first wash and then drink: our bath-water came from it till we protested. (A *tasildar* is a district magistrate: what they call *mamlatdar* in Bombay.)

We first walked to a spur of hill from which we could see the crowds and the booths and the tents and the wagons spread all about and around the town: then we descended and saw the procession. A box of sandalwood-oil is carried in state to the saint's tomb, and we saw it being carried. First came a rabble in brilliant clothes, singing weirdly. Then came a kind of improvised bodyguard armed with every conceivable species of knife, sword, spear, and gun: those

who had guns were busy firing *feux-de-joie* of alarming loudness. Then came the draped box, borne on men's heads under a red canopy with silver poles; then more rabble, and at the rear the Nizam's representative in a smart motor-landaulette. Behind him was another large crowd, into which our party got swept, and so we walked in the procession right up to the gate of the tomb, and quite rivalled the sandalwood as a cynosure.

There were hundreds of beggars sitting at the gateways and corners, crying "Al-lah" just like the man in Kismet: fortunately the humorous coinage of the State enables the charitable to give something to each without great expense, since the smallest current coin is the cowrie-shell, of which no fewer than five thousand seven hundred and sixty go to the rupee!

Wednesday, BADNAPUR.—We left Roza on Monday. Jim and I came here by train, three stations south-east of Aurangabad, while the rest of the party drove to Aurangabad and are awaiting us there: we rejoin them to-night.

The missionaries met us here and we took up our quarters in a camp just outside the village, by the river-bed (now dry), under a grove of tamarinds and banyan-trees.

The Christians in this district are almost all Mangs, who, if you remember, are the lowest tribe of all, the rope-makers. In the 'Nagar mission,

where I was in January and which is only thirty miles west of this, across the Godavari, the Christians are Mahars, the tribe above the Mangs: but here the Mahars have not yet come over, though they are ready to if they could have separate churches: which of course they mustn't.

In Badnapur all the Mangs are Christians, but only about ten per cent. of the total Mang population of the district has been reached, owing to lack of workers and funds. The civilizing effects of Christianity are more noticeable than ever here: the C.M.S., being so keen on the Bible, are the more particular to insist that their people should learn to read: and a man who can read is a very rare bird in the Moghulai. (Moghulai is the ordinary name for the Nizam's dominions: it was an offshoot of the Moghul Empire.) So already there are Mang Christians in some of the most responsible State positions. The Government thinks highly of them and encourages the mission in every way. They strongly approve of the conversion of Hindus to Christianity as a *pis-aller* to Mohammedanism. The oath of a Christian has received legal recognition in the Moghulai courts as thirty times as reliable as that of a Hindu, and they trust them more than Mohammedans even, in practice. A Hindu is almost incapable of telling the truth unless he is holding a cow's tail, and even then you can't be sure of him.

The afternoon we arrived Jim held a Confirmation in our big tent, and later on laid the

foundation-stone of a church, for which the Government has given the land.

Yesterday we drove out to another village ten miles off, called Saigao, where again all the Mangs are Christian. We drove in *tongas* drawn by trotting bullocks, and got there in an hour and a half. We were received by a motley procession, and marched in state to the church, led by a band of two cornets (played by Mohammedans), a fife, and cymbals, while in front of all was a Hindu, who let off cracker-bombs in our honour all the way. (Who would receive a bishop with Chinese crackers in England? We have such poor imaginations!) He fastened each cracker on to the end of a long staff and then leaped into the air, using the staff as a jumping-pole; and as the point hit the ground it exploded the cracker with a tremendous bang. I should have liked to photograph it, but I was in the middle of the procession myself.

In the church Jim held a biggish Confirmation, thirty-four confirmed. The proceedings were enlivened by a small boy of about five in the front row. The innumerable babies always behave queerly, but this one was distinctly original. He first escaped from his mother, who was handicapped (1) by a smaller infant, (2) by being a Confirmation candidate; then advanced to the open space in front of Jim's chair, where he proceeded to divest himself of his only garment, a cotton coat. He then lay on his back and slapped

his stomach loudly for some minutes, after which he solemnly dressed again: and repeated the performance with variations (one very embarrassing) all through the service.

After the service we had the usual *pan-supari*, *i.e.*, garlanding, oil of sandalwood on our hands, betel-nut to eat, speeches, and music. All of which was very hot, it being two o'clock in a sun-baked compound, with only a cotton *shamiana* to shade us.

We got back to camp at five, and I shot some pigeons and missed several more, while Jim underwent another *pan-supari* at a neighbouring village.

This morning Jim has gone to inspect a church twelve miles off, and we all go in to Aurangabad this evening. To-morrow afternoon I set forth for Calcutta. Characteristically the Moghulai post-office has lost all our mail-letters, so I don't know when, if at all, I shall get what you wrote on February 9th.

P.S.—We saw Aurangzeb's tomb at Roza, but it isn't much to look at. He ordered his funeral expenses to be paid out of the proceeds of some caps he had quilted with his own hands: but they only fetched ten rupees.

ii

February 28, BADNAPUR, HYDERABAD STATE.—We got the telegraphed report of the Lords'

Debate at Roza. I'm looking forward to hearing the Bengali point of view next week. It seems to me the coexistence of the two Governments in a centre like Calcutta is the crux of the capitals question.

We are in the Moghulai here—*i.e.*, the native State of Hyderabad, generally called the Nizam's dominions. It is a very humorous country, from what I have seen and heard of the methods of its government. I'm told the people say they will never know prosperity till they come under the British Raj; but in some ways I fancy they would find our methodical efficiency less congenial than the existing haphazard despotism. It takes ages to get anything done, since the Government officials lose half the letters they receive and fail to answer the rest: but when any officer *is* moved to do anything, his action has all the grace of an unexpected benefaction. The *padre* here told me that a correspondence of two letters a side takes an average of eighteen months to conduct.

I gather the most serious abuse is the way the Government officials on tour harass and fleece the villages. They just loot anything they want, and beat any one who suggests payment. On approaching a strange village the *padres* have sometimes seen the inhabitants all taking to the jungle under the impression they were officials. But there is a delightful uncertainty about their measures: sometimes they can do better than we ever could. For instance, in the last famine the *bannias* (money-

lenders) in a certain town "cornered" wheat and demanded extortionate prices: whereupon the *tasildar* sent to say that unless they lowered their prices within four hours he would authorize a general loot. The result was an instantaneous easing of the wheat-market.

On the other hand, when another town was terrorized by *dacoits*, it appealed to the Nizam and he sent his own bodyguard to protect them. A week later they appealed again—to be left to the *dacoits*.

The mission-work here is almost entirely among the Mangs. The mission is on the best of terms with the Government, since Mohammedans greatly prefer Christians to Hindus. (The Government of the Moghulai is Mohammedan, since it is an offshoot of the old Moghul Empire: but the people are nearly all Hindus, in the villages at any rate.) In fact, they delight to favour Christian Mangs, and flout the *patils* of the villages, who naturally resent it, and are therefore the chief enemies of the mission. Another cause of the *patils'* hostility is that they used to employ the Mangs to steal crops and divide the proceeds; but now the Mangs, being Christian, refuse to do this.

I think the improvement wrought by Christianity is even more visible among the Mangs than it was at 'Nagar among the Mahars. The *padres* are very pleased over a recent case in the law-courts, where the evidence of one Christian Mang was held to outweigh that of twenty-five Hindu Mahars

—who had all been suborned by a claimant to a property—expressly because he was a Christian. He was made to recite the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in court!

The Hindu villagers themselves say of the Christians, "They trust one another," which is really a more remarkable testimony than the other: because it is not natural for a Hindu to connect trust or love with religion at all.

In fact, the popular view of religion is entirely external, and, so to speak, business-like. Which reminds me of a delicious story of one of the clergy of the 'Nagar mission, only it will lose its savour on paper. He was sitting one evening in the church compound at Karegao, when he saw a man coming stealthily out of the church. As the man's get-up was Hindu and not Christian, he called out to him in Mahrathi, and asked him what he was doing there. The man came up to him salaaming profoundly and saying, "*Sahib*, I am a poor man."

"Well, what is the matter?" said the *padre*.

"Oh, *sahib*, thy servant is a poor man, a very poor man! Yesterday I lost a rupee. I searched and searched but could not find it. I did not know how to live. And it chanced that my cousin saw me in my trouble, and he said, 'What is amiss?' and I answered him, 'I have lost my rupee, and I do not know where to find it.' Then he answered me, 'That God who lives in the church over there is a good fellow; try him.' So I waited till the dusk, and having waited, I went softly to the

church and entered in and stood before the image of him and said, 'O thou God, if thou wilt find my rupee for me I will give thee a coco-nut.' Then returned I to my house, and behold in half an hour afterwards I found my rupee. So I waited till this evening's dusk, and I have been in and have paid him the coco-nut: he is a good God."

Friday, AURANGABAD.—When writing this letter on Wednesday at Badnapur I must have left too little between my head and the sun: anyway, soon after starting for the train to come in here I felt a headache, and on arriving here found my temperature was 102°, so I retired to bed. Yesterday it was 101°, and the doctor came and sampled my blood. To-day he reports it is not fever, and that I shall be able to travel by Monday. My hostess is being most kind and looking after me splendidly. . . .

XI

CALCUTTA AND DARJEELING

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i

March 6, 1912, CALCUTTA.—I left Aurangabad on Monday at two o'clock. Knowing the train would be hot, I shut up all the Venetian shutters on both sides and thus kept it down to 92°, which was not at all uncomfortable. I got to Manmad at six, and there caught the Nagpur mail (*i.e.*, Bombay to Calcutta *via* Nagpur). I got a carriage to myself, not one of the usual sort, but like a *wagon-lit* for two. It had a fan and was quite comfortable. In fact, the train altogether was about the best I've been on.

I woke up yesterday at Nagpur. From there onwards all day the country was as flat as a billiard-table, with hills in the distance occasionally, and nearly all cultivated to the last inch. But the outstanding difference was that it was green and not brown. There were long stretches of short down-like grass for pasture, reminding me of Nazeing Common rolled flat; water was plentiful, though the numerous rivers were very low, and the trees were beginning to show spring tints of green. The whole effect was of an even, peaceful prosperity. It was a cool day, my thermometer never showing above 84°, and I enjoyed the contrast to the brown and parched Deccan with its temperature of 98°.

What you say about castes in general is true, but it does not account for the extraordinary Indian tendency to multiply castes and sub-castes and sub-sub-castes. The four original castes of priests, soldiers, merchants, and artisans are intelligible. Their origin was probably racial, and they were adopted by religion. But to-day there are more than two thousand three hundred castes which mayn't inter-marry or "interdine," not all above one another, but often parallel; and the tendency is still to form more. The result is an inter-breeding which has seriously lessened the birth-rate. In some castes the shortage of women is a perpetual problem; and this was one of the causes of the child-marriage system. Two thousand splits rather mar national unity.

I went out yesterday morning and saw the

Museum; the most interesting thing there is the rail of the Barahut Stupa—one of the finest Buddhist rails in existence, dating about 200 B.C. Fergusson explains what a rail is, and also gives pictures of this Barahut one. The carving is very good and must be the outcome of a long tradition, though I have never heard of anything older.

There were also several fragments of carving in the Museum and some figures from near Peshawar, showing unmistakable Greek influence; in some cases the mixture was very effective. Fergusson discusses this also.

Yesterday evening I went to the Zoo; it is a very good one, the best I have seen outside London, and in a way better, because it is confined to tropical animals and they all look so well. A great feature of it is the friendliness of the animals. Everything except the lions and tigers came up to be scratched. They had two glorious Birds of Paradise.

The climate of Calcutta is very disagreeable just now. It isn't fearfully hot, only about 83°, but you want a pair of gills before you can breathe with comfort: and the papers say it is cooler and drier than usual. I should think the climate alone was a very sensible argument in favour of shifting the capital. I don't see how any one could see a thing through in this atmosphere.

Still every one here is very cross about the transfer, which they take as a personal insult to Calcutta: and especially they resent the way it was done. On the merits of the case I have heard

nothing new; but I haven't had time to see many people yet. Of those I have, even the opponents of the change say it will be a very good thing to move the Government offices away from the Bengali Babus, who now swarm in every office. No Englishman has a good word for them: they are said to have less character and backbone than any other Indians, and to be intolerably conceited, besides being seditious. Like so many clever people, they think cleverness is the whole qualification for government.

The papers here continue to denounce the changes, but so far as I have detected no argument in any of them: it is all abuse.

All the time I was in bed at Aurangabad the Holi festival was going on. It is the most indecent of all the Hindu festivals and about the most popular. I could hear the processions from my room, singing songs to Shiva, whose taste is certainly not Puritan. They also fling red paint over each other, and produce a disgusting mess. The Christian women can't go out while it lasts, because the whole Hindu population adopts for the time being the ethics of Lot's fellow-citizens.

My hostess told me several very interesting things about their work in the city among the Mohammedans, and especially how the relatives of converts often give them drugs which make them temporarily or permanently insane. (I heard of the same thing at Betgeri.) Here is one of her stories.

One day a Mohammedan Rohilla came with his wife to the *padre* and said he was anxious to become a Christian. His wife took my hostess aside and asked her, "What are you going to give me if I become a Christian too?" "Nothing, in the sense you mean," she replied. "What, nothing? Then I shall not become one," answered the woman: "but I shall like to live among Christians."

So the husband became a catechumen, and they both lived near the mission, and never went into the native city. But after a time the man grew keen, and asked to be allowed to accompany the missionaries on their weekly preaching in the bazaar. So they let him come, after warning him not to eat or drink anything there. Well, his friends saw him among the preachers, and pretended to be reconciled to him and impressed by the preaching, and finally enticed him into a house on his way back. Here he refused to eat or drink, but rashly accepted a pipe to smoke. An hour later he dashed up to the mission-bungalow in a *tonga* in a state of frenzy, seized his wife and family, and drove off with them to the city, yelling the most fearful imprecations against the mission.

For two years after this he was kept in captivity in the city, and the *padre* only saw him once, and then he was in the charge of a fierce Mohammedan and hardly spoke. At last late one night the *padre* was awakened by some one knocking at his

bungalow and found the man and his family outside. There had been a fire in the city, and the house in which they were prisoners had been burnt, and they had escaped in the confusion. The *padre* took them in, and this time they stayed and were all baptized. But after a while they thought it wiser to leave Aurangabad: so they moved to Bombay, where the man finally died a Christian.

I ought to have told you last week of a transaction which gives the measure of the incompetence of Moghulai government. The province of Berar used to be under it, and though Berar is one of the most fertile districts in India, the Nizam could never get more than seventeen *lakhs* of revenue out of it. So when Lord Curzon offered him twenty-five *lakhs* per annum in perpetuity if he would transfer it to the Raj, he accepted: and now that we administer it, it produces, with the same taxes, fifty *lakhs* per annum. It is in this sense that the Nationalist accusation is true that we have trebled the taxation—if for "taxation" you read "revenue."

I heard two rather nice little stories the other day. One is of Mrs. A., whose absent-mindedness is a proverb. One night she was dining with the Lieutenant-Governor, and after tasting the *entrée* leaned across to her husband, remarking, "Really, my dear, we *must* change the cook."

The other story throws a sidelight on the police administration. The Lieutenant-Governor was

once so moved by a beggar-woman's appeal that he gave her two rupees. Overcome with gratitude, she murmured, "May you become a head-constable!"

To-morrow I start for Darjeeling, so I had better bring this to an end now.

ii

March 9, DARJEELING.—Oh, it is nice to feel cold again! I never thought I should *enjoy* that sensation, even with a sweater and thick overcoat over my evening clothes; but really, after Calcutta, it is a positive pleasure. Not that it's really cold, only 46° outside and 56° in here, but it feels like zero. On Thursday in Calcutta it was 92°, and the humidity of the air was registered as 97°, 100° representing saturation, and my under-garments also.

On Friday morning my hostess went with me to see a famous Jain temple which is one of the few "sights" of Calcutta. It was in the native quarter, and she had never seen it in all the twenty-five years she has been there. It was very striking and rather beautiful, though it sounds alarming. It is built of white marble, but is almost entirely covered with glass mosaic, brilliant colour patterns on white, like a kaleidoscope. It stands in a garden, the beds of which are divided into patterns by white glass mosaic, while all about

the white stone tanks and paths stand white statues of painted cast-iron, some Indian, some classical. The effect was dazzling and the sunlight carried the crudity.

I left Calcutta by the 5 p.m. mail for Darjeeling. This is (at first) the quickest train in India, and we reached the Ganges at about eight o'clock. One has to cross in a steamer, though a bridge is now being built at a cost of £3,000,000. It took an hour to cross, as one has to thread the sand-banks for some distance up-stream. The steamer's searchlight showed up the bare-looking banks and attracted multitudes of moths.

We got into a train the other side and slept till seven this morning, when we reached Siliguri, where we changed into the Darjeeling-Himalaya Railway, an absurd little railway of two-foot gauge that did incredible things the whole way up here. It runs along the roadside like a tram and doesn't mind how often it crosses and recrosses. After about three-quarters of an hour we came to the hills and then the ascent began. From that point for forty miles the gradient averaged one in thirty, and was often one in twenty-four, but the engine kept it up as if it were level, puffing along at about ten miles an hour and twisting in the most Through-the-Looking-Glassy way. One was perpetually seeing the engine *and* the guard's van out of the same window at the same moment, and one quite had the feeling that if one put one's head out of the window it might be taken off by

the engine. Twice (four times the book says: I only noticed two) we looped the loop, and so quickly that if the train had been a long one the engine would have been directly over the rear carriages. Four times we backed up a zigzag and then on, without so much as pausing, let alone changing engines: it was like the Swedish dance.

The lowest foot-hills, the deadly Terai, were covered with dense jungle—tall, straight, mast-like forest trees growing close, with rank vegetation below. It was wild and interesting, but only moderately beautiful. The most noticeable plants were a palm-head which grew like mistletoe, high up on the trees; coarse and flowerless rhododendrons below; and a very large-leaved bamboo, in each clump of which were two or three quite bare stems that stood out like giant fishing-rods, bending right over at the end.

We soon got above the forest and wound our way up through normal bush-veld. A little later we had a grand view of valleys and rugged hillsides, but they weren't very lovely, though on a big scale.

I think one missed the brilliant colouring of the Western Ghats. Here the hills were dull ochre-brown, and the jungle trees were of a colourless green, so to speak; one hardly noticed them in the distance, except where there were groves of what they call "flame of the forest," which is a tree like an ash, and just now it has no leaves

but is covered with flowers of an amazing fire-scarlet, bright enough and orange enough to make poynsetias look a dirty magenta. In places these trees were massed, with gorgeous effect.

After two and a half hours of winding we came to Kurseong. About this point nearly all the lower hills were cleared and planted with tea-gardens, which also ran in terraces a long way up the sheer sides of the main hills.

It was after Kurseong that the scenery became really lovely. We began to climb round the side of a vast amphitheatre, formed by two huge curved spurs of mountain about ten thousand feet high.

We were high up (about five thousand feet), on the one mountain and looked right across to the other, over a series of lower spurs which converged to a point. Between each spur was a deep, narrow valley, and the three valleys united like a bird's foot in one big ravine with a big river-bed, which seemed to be straight below us four thousand feet down. All the spurs were covered with tea-gardens, squat, pincushiony bushes dotted over brown earth, and we had a bird's-eye view of the little huts and sheds of grass and corrugated iron, ever so far below. The line crept along the precipitous mountain wall, in and out among the huge buttresses that ran sheer down to the valley far below, leaving hardly a ledge for the trains. The other wall of the amphitheatre was dark and dim in the haze, and through the gap at the far end

I could just catch a faint glimpse of yellow, which was the first sign of the great snow-ranges.

Darjeeling proved to lie just beyond the horn of the mountain wall we were climbing along. It is perched on a spur seven thousand feet high, running out from a great block of mountain about ten thousand feet high. On three sides it looks sheer down into chasms, gorges, and valleys about five thousand feet deep, though they are full of smaller hills, while beyond the chasm on the north, north-east, and north-west (which is about thirty miles wide) rise the Eternal Snows, a chain of peaks ranging from twenty thousand feet to twenty-nine thousand feet high. (The perpetual snow-line is about seventeen thousand feet.)

Unfortunately, the Eternal Snows have a habit of being shrouded in mist, and have been so for the last three weeks, so I could see practically nothing of them this afternoon, though after a while I caught sight of the top of Kinchinjanga in a perfectly absurd and impossible place for a mountain-top, far above where any self-respecting cloud would let itself be seen. There wasn't enough of it to be beautiful, but it was the most extraordinary sensation to see a piece of snow up above the haze (there were no clouds, only the air wasn't transparent) about where one is accustomed to see the moon, and to realize that it belonged to a mountain forty-five miles off.

Kinchinjanga is twenty-eight thousand feet; *i.e.*, if you put Etna on to the top of Teneriffe

you still would have to put almost all Parnassus on the top of them to get level.

Sunday.—When I got up early this morning there was less haze and a good bit of Kinchinjanga could be seen, say the top two miles. It was wonderfully lovely; the snow was shining a glistening yellow-white, and where the rock is too steep for snow to lie the contrast added greatly to the effect. But there was something almost unreal and incredible about it. The lower parts were completely hidden by the haze, and this gave the impression that one was looking over the low near hills *ad infinitum*; *i.e.*, at first it seemed as if Darjeeling were the highest point in the range, since the chasm which surrounds it on three sides (and which is fifteen to thirty miles wide) stretched as far as the eye could see, owing to the haze (no clouds, only haze). Then suddenly one realizes that there is this vast snowy pile right away above, *beginning* at three miles high, *i.e.*, about where Mont Blanc leaves off, and rising another two miles into the clear blue air, seemingly afloat high upon the haze.

It remained visible till about twelve, and then faded like the Cheshire Cat. The rest of the range I've not yet seen.

Tuesday.—Yesterday morning faith triumphed and I got up at three, though people were pessimistic of the prospect of a view. The object

of this manœuvre is to reach Tiger Hill by sunrise. It is seven miles away and a thousand feet higher than Darjeeling, and is sometimes above the haze when Darjeeling is in it: moreover, from it Everest can be seen.

I started on a pony at four, looking like Tweedledee in battle kit and feeling like an iceberg. There was a half-moon to light the path, but one could see nothing distant. After an hour and a half it suddenly began to get light, but the haze was impenetrable. However, I persevered, and on nearing the top of Tiger Hill a turn in the path brought me facing Kinchinjanga, and it gave me quite a start, more like the Cheshire Cat than ever. This time it was silver as the moon, and looked about half the distance it had on Sunday.

As I reached the summit, the top of the mist in the east and west began to take on lovely colours of pink and blue in layers, like a rainbow. The mist to north and south was steely blue, and almost as lovely as anything it could have hidden. Above it towered the eye-compelling Kinchinjanga, and to right and left the tops of the rest of the range just showed in a long, serrated line. Then a brilliant golden light caught the top of Kinchinjanga, and it seemed as if a kind of liquid fire ran down it till the whole of its snows glowed with a cold, yellow glitter that drove the mist down, so that quite half the mountain showed, every line and ridge as clear as possible, looking about ten miles off. Away to the west Everest showed as clearly as if it were twenty

miles away instead of a hundred and ten, but it looked quite small of course.

The view was so lovely that it is difficult to imagine that anything could be lovelier, and so I can only feebly regret that I have never had a really clear view, such as one gets after rain, when there is no haze and Kinchinjanga looks as though one could throw a stone on to it. From a purely æsthetic point of view the haze, with its tantalizing translucences, is a thing of great beauty in itself, but it doesn't cater for globe-trotters. The only month you are certain of a clear view is October.

What I do really regret is that I haven't time to make the expedition to Phallut. This is four days' march away, and one rides through a rhododendron forest, which every one says is the absolute acme of loveliness. Even here the rhododendrons are trees—not bushes, but small trees, like laburnums, and covered with smallish but brilliantly red blossoms. In the forest, however, they are big trees—the houses are built of their timber—and every conceivable colour abounds, and the ground is covered with light snow. Phallut itself is ten thousand feet, and from it Everest looks closer than Kinchinjanga does from here.

iii

March 11th, DARJEELING.—The people here are the most attractive I have seen. They are

Chinese-faced, and cheerful as dromedaries, grinning most humorously while they carry incredible loads up precipitous roads. They pack their loads on their backs, holding them with a broad strap, which then passes round their foreheads, so that most of the weight is on their necks.

Peer Mohammed, however, is rather scornful of them, probably because they are Buddhists. He says, "They eating meat dot is bad. Whin be the meat smelling, and leetle animal coming out, then they cooking." But he gave an unsolicited testimonial to the honesty of the Nepalese (we are close to the boundaries of Nepal), which he attributes to the following law: "When a man stealing, the judge give *hookum* for men to take him outside to the city, and tying him to one big post. Then two men making claws with iron, like be a tiger, and putting claws on their hands: then scratching and tear his face and all his flesh from his bones. Then, whin he be dying, they tying him to an iliphant by the leg, and a man going in front hold up paper with one writing, which say, 'If be any one stealing, then be treating like this.' That reason for nobody stealing in Nepal."

It is remarkable how unanimously all the officials I have met denounce the Bengali Babu, as a politician, at any rate.

The most intelligent of them admit he has the artistic temperament: he is a real poet, a dreamer of beautiful dreams, but he has nothing of what we

mean by "character." His whole mind is governed by words, and impervious to facts in a way which no inexperienced Englishman can or will believe. Consequently they are wholly unpractical. They have no conception of consistency. For instance, my host told me he had seen one of them write in successive weeks two irreconcilable articles on two aspects of the same question. When he pointed out to the writer that the two couldn't possibly be reconciled, he merely replied, "Why should they be?"

Naturally they have no business capacity: and they are too untrustworthy for responsible positions in commerce: so you see the whole commerce of Calcutta in the hands of illiterate Marwaris, who employ Bengali B.A.'s as clerks.

I wish I had had the chance of seeing some of the Babus in Calcutta, as I should then feel more competent to pass judgment: but there seems to be far more of a colour division in Calcutta society than anywhere else I have been; and I had no chance of seeing any Indians. It is a great pity: and I'm afraid it's largely the fault of the women. If they chose to face some boredom, they could do a lot to promote good feeling: and the boredom would vanish as soon as acquaintance had produced subjects of common interest. In Madras they got on swimmingly.

The only place where I have met Bengalis is in London at Bar dinners; and I'm afraid that what I've seen of them there confirms the worst I've

heard of them here: but perhaps those are unfavourable specimens.

My host also told me some stories to show how impossible it is to make them understand our view of administration: and the worst of it is, we so strongly feel that our view is right that we can't surrender it and let them work out theirs; because fundamentally both views are based on religion, and even sceptic Englishmen have enough Christianity soaked into them to reject the Hindu view. For instance, the Brahman regards killing an outcaste as on a par with killing a crow—the penalty is the same in his sacred law; but we can't possibly acquiesce in that view.

One of his stories showed how the Hindu scale of values upsets our scales of justice. It was this: A Brahman had murdered his wife, and the case was as clear as daylight. The judge fixed the trial for a certain day. His clerk begged him not to: but he insisted on fixing it for that day. (That is our cardinal fault: we insist without asking what the native's objection is.) When the trial came off, the evidence was conclusive, and the prisoner pleaded guilty. The jury without hesitation returned a verdict of Not Guilty. The judge was naturally indignant, and accused his clerk of corrupt collusion.

The clerk replied in gentle remonstrance: "Sir, I administered the advice that judicial proceedings undertaken to-day would terminate unsatisfactorily. To-day is the celebration of the anniversary of the

Hindu New Year, and no sagacious, pious, or comprehensive Hindu would inauspiciously commence an era of his interminable existence by condemning a twice-born Brahman to the indignity of capital punishment." I believe it is always very difficult to get a native jury to condemn for murder; but to condemn a Brahman on New Year's Day would be unthinkable.

Another curious thing I heard is that no Hindu can understand our distinction between an intentional crime and an unintentional. It is all part of the mechanical doctrine of Karma; but one could find parallels in the Greek tragedians and the Old Testament.

But it all makes one wonder whether Hindus can ever be brought to appreciate just government for the people.

March 13th, CALCUTTA.—Since writing last I have met two members of the Bengal Civil Service, who both had interesting things to say about the Durbar changes.

The first quite confirmed what I had taken to be the cardinal point, viz., the helplessness of the Bengal Government under the old arrangement. He said that when any one came to the Bengal Government with a petition or a grievance and failed to get what they wanted, they always went across to the Government of India offices and as often as not got it there. Consequently the Government of Bengal never dared give a decision

for fear of the snub of having it reversed that afternoon.

He was also very glad to get the Government of India away from the Bengali Babus. He said that these gentry now occupy about seventy per cent. of the native posts in the Government of India Secretariat; whereas at Delhi he thought they would dwindle to twenty per cent.

His chief objection to the re-partition was that it left Bengal with hardly any healthy stations. Formerly the fever-stricken Civil Servants of Bengal could go to the hilly Behar country, and those of Eastern Bengal to Assam. Now the only hill district will be Darjeeling, employing one man, besides which there are six or seven districts near the Behar border, which, though not hilly, are not feverish. This is a very real grievance, which might be met by frequent exchanges of men, but such a system is too revolutionary to be likely of adoption.

I see this point was made in the Lords: the full text of the debate appeared this morning. It is more impressive than the summary was, but the case against the transfer still seems to me to rest on the assumption that the coexistence of Governments in Calcutta worked well, whereas I have found no one out here to say so. The case against the re-partition is much more convincing than that against the change of capitals.

In this connection the other civilian I met was very interesting. He told me that in 1903 the Civil Servants all advised *this* partition; he saw

the papers which went round, but the Government of India overruled them all because it wanted to give the Mohammedans a show of their own. When the Bengalis began agitating he spent two years in putting down their sedition, and twice had his life attempted, after which, as he said, it seemed so silly to find you'd been shot at for nothing. He thought the reversal had done mischief because it was patent that had there been no agitation there would have been no reversal, so that inevitably next time the Bengalis want something reversed they will expect to get it by agitating and bomb-throwing. He thought the removal of the capital good in itself, but it had created a bad impression, because it was being said that the Viceroy had run away from the agitators of Calcutta.

He went on to say that the Bengalis were so plausible that it took most Viceroys about four years to find them out, and then they had to go home. What he most feared was that "one day some fool will come out from England and give 'em simultaneous examinations," which he said would result in flooding the Civil Service with Indians, (*a*) because most Indians are very good crammers and the Indian Civil Service is a cram exam., (*b*) because those who weren't would buy copies of the papers beforehand, a thing which it would be impossible to stop once the papers were in India. Once the Indian Civil Service is preponderatingly native, our system must break down, because no native really either understands it or

sympathizes with it. There is the Indian way of administering a State, as worked in the Native States; and it works well, though not according to our ideas. Alternatively there is our way, but our way run by natives ends in speedy chaos. It is bad enough at present when the subordinates are natives; the system breaks down as soon as the Englishman takes his eye off.

As an example he told me his experience of Bengali Babu subordinates in the famine camps of 1893–4. In those days natives only came to the famine camps when they were literally starving, and they got corn there, either cheap or free according to circumstances. He found that if he took a day off from going round the camps, the deaths on that day would rise by between two hundred and three hundred, and if he left out one camp, the deaths there would rise by twenty or thirty. The reason was that the Babu camp officers always withheld the corn until he was sighted, and if he didn't come they doled out no corn till evening, so that twenty or thirty men might die; whereupon they entered those twenty or thirty as having received corn, and pocketed the price of it, about 3d. per death. This they did without winking, and when he discovered it he had to ride thirty miles every day round ten camps to make sure the men were fed. He took a horse-whip, and if he found the men hadn't been fed at the proper time, he used it: in famine time the Government let the collectors be drastic. If these

Babus are the men who would get control of our administration, of course they would soon drive every Englishman out of it.

I left Darjeeling yesterday afternoon. One has to cross the Ganges in a boat; it is about a mile wide, but not a bit pretty. There were a lot of porpoises playing in it, which surprised me. In flood-time it is about three miles wide. We crossed at six in the morning, and got here soon after ten.

I leave this evening for Benares.

XII

FROM CALCUTTA TO KHYBER

i Benares—The Ghats—Sarnath—Agra and Delhi again—Amritsar—Lahore—Jehangir's tomb—ii The plains in March—Wazir Khan's mosque, Lahore—Indo-Greek sculptures—iii Benares *v.* Madura—The Brahmo Somaj—The Arya Somaj—Peer Mohammed on King George—A democratic paradox—The jubilee of the Mutiny in Delhi—Education—iv From Lahore to Peshawar—A violet-crowned city—Through the Khyber—Passing a caravan—A valley of desolation—A ride and a view.

i

March 18, Agra.—I left Calcutta on Wednesday and got to Benares on Thursday morning, two days later than I had intended (owing to my "indisposition."), and so had only two days there instead of four.

I stayed with a friend in the Government School. In the evening he took me into the city, which is quite the most picturesque I have seen. The reason of this lies in the fact that the nearer you die to the banks (only the west bank, if you die the other side you become a donkey) of the Ganges, the better your chance of a "rise" in the next life.

Consequently the competition for sites near the river is like that for City sites in London; it has forced the houses up to double their usual height, and has squeezed the streets to half their normal breadth. Moreover, people rich enough to pay Benares rents can afford fine balconies and doorways; so the result is a city of extremely narrow, irregular streets between fine, tall, purely Oriental houses (a religious centre instinctively avoids foreign adaptations) which almost meet above, as in Old London. All the streets are crowded with pilgrims in their best clothes, and lined with shops full of brass-work and stuffs.

We went into some of the innumerable temples, none of them specially fine, but did not see the river. The most amusing temple was Durga's, where there are scores of monkeys that will come quite close if you call and feed them.

On Friday morning we went on the river. Benares apparently owes its sanctity to three things: (1) that the Ganges here flows towards its source, *i.e.*, north; (2) that the city is on a steep bank facing the sunrise; and (3) that Rama sacrificed ten horses there and so made it equal in sanctity to Allahabad (where the point of junction between the Jamna and the Ganges is reckoned the most sacred spot in India).

The city is about three miles long, built along the top of the high river-bank, and from it all along a series of terraces and steps lead down to the river. These steps are called the Ghats (*ghat*

meaning a flight of steps and so applied either to mountains or to real steps, etc.). There are more than forty of them, making a continuous alternation of embankment and steps. Along the embankment runs a road, along whichever terrace is nearest the water, connecting *ghat* with *ghat*, and this road is lined with booths and beggars on both sides. The water near the embankment is crowded with native boats and barges of all sorts and sizes, and the water opposite each *ghat*, where the steps lead right down, is full of bathers. Along the top of the bank are the temples, a continuous line of them; and flanking the broad flights of steps are innumerable shrines and other picturesque buildings.

The whole length swarms with humanity like a bee-hive, and it was a fascinating sight as we rowed slowly along, seeing the crowds walking, standing, sitting, bathing, boating, praying, juggling, dancing, buying, selling, eating, drinking, burning corpses, all in a cinematographic profusion.

We stayed on the river till about nine, when it began to get warm, and then came home.

A lot of people told me I should find the plains intolerably hot in March, but after Calcutta Benares was delightfully cool. I enclose the weather report of the Allahabad paper, which shows how there is a difference of over a hundred degrees between the extremes of temperature in a day.

In the afternoon we drove to Sarnath, which is

the site of old Benares. It was here that Gautama began to teach after attaining Buddhahood, and the place is full of Buddhist ruins going back to Asoka's time, 250 B.C. It was too much ruined to be beautiful, but I saw a *tope* (*vide* Fergusson) for the first time, and the Museum was very interesting.

I left Benares on Saturday morning and travelled all day, passing through Allahabad and Cawnpore, and reached Agra late at night.

My excuse for coming back to Agra was to speak in a debate at St. John's College *à la* Union; but the debate had to be cancelled because of an epidemic of smallpox. Smallpox is not often fatal here, but spreads rapidly, since the patient's friends generally accompany him to hospital in a closed carriage.

But I'm very glad to be back here, both to see the place and the people again. As for the place, it is as wonderful after twenty-six other cities as it was when I came to it fresh : it is in a class all by itself. I am more than ever struck by the ineffable superiority of simplicity in white marble to the most elaborate effects in coloured stone, paint, gold, or even *pietra dura*.

Wednesday, LAHORE.—I only stopped in Delhi one night *en passant*. On revisiting the fort there I found it bore comparison with Agra better than I thought before. The Private Audience Hall is much lovelier in solitude than I realized amid Durbar crowds. It is of cream-coloured marble,

profusely ornamented with flower designs in gold paint, like the richest embroidery. But Agra is best.

The new capital cannot after all be built on the site of the Camps; it will probably be about six miles south of the present city, near the fourteenth-century Delhi.

I left Delhi last night for Lahore, stopping for three hours this morning at Amritsar, to see the Golden Temple. The city is the religious capital of the Sikhs and the temple their greatest. It is most picturesque, in fact lovely, though not big. But it stands in the middle of a large square tank, and can only be reached by a marble causeway, with handsome gold lamp-posts along it, and crowds of pilgrims and beggars. The whole of the temple, except the bottom ten feet, is plated with gilt copper, and the effect is very rich and fine. The style is peculiar. Fergusson's picture will show you what it is like, and the chasing on the gold is very good. It was full of worshippers, who made offerings at a tomb and then sat about, listening to a priest reading.

I drove to Jehangir's tomb this afternoon: it has some lovely tile-work and marble lattices. I have now seen the tombs of all the five Great Moghuls who are buried in India—Humayan, Akbar, Jehangir, Shah Jahan, and Aurangzeb. Babar is buried at Kabul. The fort here is second-rate, with one or two exquisite bits in it. Kim's gun awakens joyful memories.

ii

March 21st, LAHORE.—I have been travelling almost continually this week, as I wish to get into Kashmir as soon as possible.

Besides, every one told me I should find Benares to Lahore uncomfortably hot by March 15th: but they were quite wrong.

Coming after Calcutta, the plains are deliciously cool. The shade temperature has never touched 90°, and at night goes down to 50°. Of the four places—Benares, Agra, Delhi, and Lahore—Delhi is decidedly the coolest, and its climate to me, with fresh memories of Calcutta at 92° and 97° humidity, was a convincing argument for the change of capital. In fact, except for the need of mosquito-curtains, I found it nicer in March than in December. I stayed out till 11.30 a.m. without any discomfort, and went out again on a bicycle at 4 p.m.

Of course when the hot weather does come it is a regular bake, but it doesn't begin till the middle of April, whereas Calcutta's begins early in March.

I rode this morning before breakfast to a mosque in the city (Wazir Khan's) which is profusely decorated with the most beautiful coloured tilework I have ever seen, brilliant colours and great wealth and grace of design, in flowers and trees. I have seen nothing like it till I got here. I think the art belongs properly to Turkestan. The city is very picturesque and dirty.

After breakfast I went to the Museum and saw Kim's gun outside it, with half a dozen Kims playing on it. The great thing in the Museum is the room full of Buddhist reliefs from Peshawar and Rawalpindi neighbourhoods. They date from 300 B.C. to A.D. 400, and most of them you would never know were Indian at all, especially the earlier ones. They are obviously Hellenistic Greek in style—straight noses, Greek mouths, realistic figures, and above all Greek dress, *chlamys* and *chiton*, quite unmistakable. Only the attitudes are Indian (squatting, etc.), and, excepting the earliest, the eyes are artificial, and get more and more so, till they melt into the typical Indian sculptured eye. In the late types the nose, too, begins to flatten and the mouth to be blubber-lipped: but for over three hundred years the Greek influence is predominant, and the result is a far more artistic and lifelike series of reliefs than I have seen anywhere in India. Far the best single thing is a fasting Buddha, which is ghastly without being horrible, a most extraordinarily arresting piece of realism. Every fibre is individually represented. I only doubt whether such emaciation is possible during life.

They have also found one regular Ionic column and several Corinthian acanthus capitals or fragments thereof. There was one Athene, helmet and spear complete; and a whole collection of coins of Indo-Bactrian kings, with Greek inscriptions on the obverse and vernacular on the reverse.

I start for Peshawar to-morrow.

iii

March 21st, LAHORE.—It has been a sad rush this week; two days in each place where I should have liked to put in ten.

I was as much impressed with Benares as I was disgusted by Madura. It seems to me to be the best manifestation of Hinduism I have seen. The pilgrims really meant business; there was genuine devotion about their ablutions and processions and multitudinous observances. It was all a jumble, but a reverent jumble. The very smells had an odour of sanctity that made them fitting and almost desirable.

I went on for the week-end to Agra. I talked a great deal to my friends there, and especially I heard about the Brahmo Samaj and Arya Samaj. Raju told me about them, and being an Indian, his account of them is more interesting and authentic than an Englishman's would have been. He said the Brahmo Samaj (Society of God) is a purely religious sect of reformed Hindus, who discard idolatry, polytheism, mythology, etc., and wish to abolish caste, child-marriage, and perpetual widowhood. They are practically Unitarians. They were founded in the thirties, but are now being reabsorbed by orthodox Hinduism. Their influence is confined to Bengal and is not likely to last long.

The Arya Samaj (Society of Aryans) is much

more important. It is a political-religious society. Its fundamental thesis is that all knowledge can be found in the Vedas; so its cry is "Back to the Vedas." It is anti-foreign, anti-Christian, and especially anti-Mohammedan. Its aim is to restore the India of the Vedas, an India for the Indians, governed by Hindus, and aiming at the Vedic ideals. It also discards caste, child-marriage, mythology, and idolatry; and therefore it has no chance of taking root south of the Vindhya mountains. But in the Punjab it is powerful among the student class, and its numbers are increasing. He put them at a hundred thousand. It is anti-British, and its numbers quadrupled during the years of unrest, 1904-7; but for the moment it has no handle against the Government. Its distortions of history and interpretations of the Vedas are incredibly crude and false, but they go down. For instance, the founder, in his book, "The Light of Truth," asserts that railways and all modern science can be found in the Vedas.

On Monday I went on to Delhi for a day. I spent Tuesday morning in the fort. While we were there, memories of the Durbar surged up in Peer Mohammed, and the following conversation took place.

P. M.—I think King Gearge much better man than his father.

SELF.—Yes, King George is very good; he loves all his people.

P. M.—What I liking very much was, whin he driving in oping carridge, he salaam to the poor man also as to the rich, that please God very much, I think.

Self.—Yes, I think so. . . . Are you glad he moved the capital to Delhi?

P. M.—Yes, I very pleased. Delhi great Mohammedan city. Calcutta good place for business, but Delhi the city for the Raj. And Bengalis bad man, giving lot of trouble; so when King Gearge coming, he punish them and taking away capital. Bifore, all government was Bengalis, now other people will have too. Bengalis very sorry, but it be their fault.

He evidently thought it quite a natural thing that a king should change his capital if its people were troublesome.

I dined with a most kind missionary who has been out here a long time. He is a strong Liberal, but he said that on democratic principles, *i.e.*, if we conformed to the popular will, we ought undoubtedly to diminish natives' powers of self-government instead of increasing them. The Municipal Council at Delhi, he added, was largely a failure. He had often asked the people in the bazaar whether they would like its powers increased, and they always answered, "For Heaven's sake, if you want to do anything, diminish them." Its vice-president had had an open cesspool outside his door for years, and won't take the trouble to have it covered.

Which indirectly confirms what I learnt in the South, that the Nationalist party have (at present) no right to speak for the man in the street; they have given no proof that they want what he wants or that they would govern in his interests. If they were really keen for his welfare, there are surely many branches of social reform they could undertake independently of government.

Five years ago there was a good deal of unrest in Delhi; and in May, 1907, when the jubilee of the Mutiny approached, the Europeans in the Civil Lines heard rumours of their intended massacre on the night of the 10th. When the night came, a Eurasian ran round their bungalows announcing that the massacre had begun in the city. So all the intrepid residents in the Civil Lines collected in the club, and sat up all night with loaded rifles. Fortunately, no natives came along or there might have been the most awful trouble. Meanwhile, the slim Eurasian burgled the deserted bungalows and departed.

Another missionary here, who is a strong sympathizer with the Nationalists, told me he thought that Indians had got quite as many posts in the administration as they could efficiently fill for the present, in the Punjab at any rate. What he chiefly wanted was compulsory free education; he feared the Government were going to make it free but not compulsory, and that, he said, would be little advance on the present position. I know nothing about this.

IV

March 24, PESHAWAR.—This is the last letter I shall be able to post on the railway before starting on the two-hundred-mile drive to Kashmir; so any subsequent ones may be irregular, as you can never be sure of catching the mail from Srinagar, since the mail-carts may be stopped by landslides or broken harness.

I was quite glad to get away from Lahore, though Wazir Khan's mosque was one of the most beautiful things I have seen since I came out, and semi-Greek sculptures in the Museum were very interesting.

I left on Friday morning and travelled all day, through just the same flat, green, well-wooded country as before. The Ravi and the Chenab were unimpressive rivers, shallow and with no determinate bed. The bridges showed they must be enormously wide in the rains. Later on, the mountains rose in the distance on the right, and as we got nearer I could see a long line of snow along their tops, but they were too far off to be very exciting. We got nearest to them about where we crossed the Jhelum (which was a regular big river): the particular group we saw was the Pir Panjal.

After Jhelum we passed through most curious country. The whole surface was honeycombed much like Amundsen's description of the Devil's

Dancing Room; but wherever there was a flat spot, even a few feet square, at either level, it was growing young corn.

We crossed the Indus after dark at Attock, and reached Peshawar at 11 p.m.

I have to stop here four days, though there is not much to do, because the Khyber is only picketed on Tuesdays and Fridays. However, I'm quite glad of a rest, as I've been continuously on the move for a fortnight, and this is an exceedingly pretty place. It really has got a violet crown, more complete and more violet than Athens's, of which it reminds me. The place itself is on a flat plain, or at most a low rise in that plain, and the abundance of trees prevents one seeing much unless one climbs to the top of one of the few high buildings. When one does one sees at a glance what ἰοστέφανος means.

The hills almost completely encircle the plain at a distance of from ten to twenty miles from the city; and behind the innermost violet ring rise others and others as far as the eye can reach through the marvellously clear air, each ridge a shade paler than the last, till in three places the snow mountains form the horizon, throwing the ridges immediately in front of them into dark relief. It is a wonderful panorama of thrilling places, another reminder of the view from the Acropolis. You can see the Khyber and the hills of Afghanistan to the west, south

of them the mountains of the Zakkar Khels and other Afridis of the borderland; to the north-west the Mohmand, Dir and Swat country, with the Malakand Pass leading from Dargai to Chitral; the hills towards Chitral and the snows of the Mountains of Solomon can be seen quite plainly.

The bazaars here are very crowded with grim-looking people, who look as if they enjoyed life less than death, hook-nosed and bearded, some of them giants, wholly different from the worm-like Hindu, but hardly more pleasant. The young ones are very nice-looking.

There is a Museum here too, full of the same very early Buddhist sculptures as at Lahore—the old Gandhara province was in this district. The sculptures here are not so good as those at Lahore, and are more Indian, but they are still quite different from and superior to anything later.

Tuesday.—I went through the Khyber to-day. It was glorious, flooding the imagination like Thermopylæ. The pass is only open on Tuesdays and Fridays, because it has to be picketed all the way along, and all wagons and pack-animals require an armed escort, so a big caravan goes up twice a week. The pass is twenty-three miles long from Jamrud to the Afghan border; visitors are only allowed as far as Ali Masjid, a fort about half-way up; but, armed with a letter to the authorities, I got special permission to go right through to Landi Kotal, which is at the highest point, after which it

slopes steeply down to Afghanistan. I had good luck all the way. I had to start at eight, and it rained from seven to eight—it has been showery all this week—which had the double effect of laying the dust and clearing the air. It stopped raining about five minutes after I started, so the ten miles' flat driving due west to Jamrud was cool and dustless, while the mountains looked lovely under the grey sky.

We passed through Jamrud at a quarter-past nine, and soon came to the entrance of the pass. From this point we were out of British territory, since the frontier strip is independent, only we guard the road. But between Jamrud and the pass we had to pass the caravan, which had just got under way. It was enormous, over a mile long and blocking up the whole road—an extraordinary conglomeration of men and beasts, big camels with incredible burdens, just lacking the last straw, minute donkeys with packs a great deal bigger than themselves; ponies and cows and bullocks and buffaloes, all carrying burdens; flocks of sheep and goats; bearded men, long-haired youths, very good-looking women, muffled and unmuffled, children of every size, either perched on the bundles or walking. Every creature appeared to be touching all its neighbours. How we got through I can't conceive; it was a process of shouting and lashing and bumping, hairbreadth escapes of donkeys, goats, and women, who never noticed us till the ponies' noses touched them; imminent peril to ourselves from moun-

tainously supercilious camels, waving huge packing-cases as they swung about. I was thankful for the rain, but wished that the road hadn't been flanked by deep ditches. Fortunately when we were half-way through the road forked and we got clear.

Leaving the imperturbable caravan behind, guarded by riflemen in front and behind, we entered the pass. For the first seven miles the road winds up a bare valley, not very steep nor very narrow, but the very Valley of Desolation ; not a blade of grass, only hard, brown, slate-like rock and a dry, slate-grey river-bed. The grey sky was in keeping with it, and the entire absence of life and sound. It was empty, silent, and still, yet it seemed to be rustling with innumerable ghosts of the successive hordes of barbarous invaders who passed that way.

When we got near to Ali Masjid there were a few villages, each with a kind of subterranean fort attached, like a rabbit-burrow, and little patches of green crops.

Beyond Ali Masjid the pass narrowed to a real gorge for about a mile, being some sixty yards from rock to rock. The walls of it were never sheer, but steep enough to be impassable. The scenery reminded me of Delphi.

After that it widened out again to a broadish valley, with green crops for three hundred yards on either side of the road, and frequent villages, each one a little fort of mud ; in fact, I mistook them for forts at first. This lasted the rest of the way.

About half-past eleven the sun broke through

and showed how the sloping rocks could magnify its heat. What with the green corn and the sun, this top end of the pass looked happy and prosperous, and nothing suggested its grim associations except the loopholed village walls and the sillhouetted pickets on the hilltops.

I reached Landi Kotal about noon. It is just a square mud fort covering some two acres, standing on the road in the open valley, about half a mile short of the actual point where it begins to dip again. So from the fort there is no view forwards, only down the road I had come up. But the officer in charge lent me a horse to ride up a neighbouring hill, from which he said I should get a fine view. He gave me two troopers as escort, and sent three riflemen to reconnoitre the hill in advance.

The first thing my horse, or rather his, did was to bolt, as per usual, and I spent the first quarter of an hour careering over the Tirah at fifty miles an hour, far away from the road and offering a free pot-shot to any Afridi who might have practised on the local lightning; because, except within twenty yards of the road, any one may shoot any one else (except soldiers on duty) to his heart's content. I also observed that the ground was of a peculiarly stony character, so I thought it wiser to concentrate on keeping my equilibrium rather than on trying to stop the animal, since when they are in that mood interference is apt to make them buck or kick and thus unseat one. As it was, though it jumped several

small ditches, I never looked like coming off, though my helmet got a little out of position, which I considered a rather creditable piece of horsemanship.

However, in due time the silly creature stopped, and my escort recovered me and we rode up the hill, which was fortunately very steep and took the remaining aggravating tricks out of the horse, such as ambling and pulling.

When we reached the top, all of a sudden was disclosed a tremendous view: the dramatic surprise of it quite took my breath away, and reminded me of the Third Temptation. On the side we came up the hill was about eight hundred feet high, but on the other it went down about two thousand five hundred feet, and from its foot stretched, it seemed, the whole of Afghanistan, line upon line of low rugged hills and broken plains through which the Kabul River wound—hills of every size and shape, great snow mountains massed on the right, the reverse slope of the Khyber hills on the left, and in the dimmest dim distance a long line of snow mountains. The sun was now shining brilliantly, but half the sky was covered with detached rolling white clouds, which gave lovely light and shade effects, as did the blue shadows of the golden-brown hills; only near the river were spots of green. The distant snow mountains were half-hidden by luminous white clouds, and I can't tell how long their line was: I judged they must be fully fifty miles away. The place I was on is appropriately called Pisgah.

XIII

KASHMIR

i The drive—The tradition of Jehu—Murree—First view of the snows—A thrilling moment—Kohala—The Jhelum gorge—A landslide—Uri— Baramula —The happy valley — Srinagar— ii After duck—Kashmir game—Pervading picturesqueness—A lovely *jhil*—iii Virtue rewarded—A revelation—A real duck-shoot—iv More about duck-shooting—The trees of the valley—Its birds—v Spring is ycomen in—The Upper Jhelum—Islamabad—Martand—Atchibal—The Dal Lake—An odorous city—vi Sambal—A squall—The Wular Lake—Sopor—Baramula—A wet drive—More flowers—The end of the story.

i

March 28, KOHALA DAK BUNGALOW.—This is where I am stopping the first night *en route* for Kashmir.

I started in the *tonga* at eight o'clock. A *tonga* is like a low back-to-back pony-cart with a hood. For the first fifteen miles we proceeded at a hand-gallop, changing ponies every five miles. The pace was a little nerve-trying, as the way the ponies are yoked without traces makes the driver's control of the steering rather vague. Luckily the road was good and gently uphill. The most alarming

moment was starting each new pair of ponies, as they generally pranced wildly round before the driver had gathered the reins properly. The first new pair swung the *tonga* round a complete circle, and then darted off like arrows from the bow or a Roman chariot-race.

After fifteen miles the real climbing began, and the road was muddy with yesterday's rain. The ponies still started madly, but had to be changed after every two and a half miles; they were generally quite cooked. At about twelve it clouded over and soon after one it began to hail, and then sleet fell. The road was foul and slushy, and we nearly stuck once with our near wheel locked in a bullock-cart's: the latter *had* stuck, and left us very little room to pass, but we just pulled through. This was the place where I was warned the road might be blocked with snow: but luckily the spring is very early this year, and there was no snow except a little that fell yesterday, now thawed into slush. But it was bitterly cold, and I was very glad of the nine layers of garments I had put round me.

At half-past one I got to Murree, which is thirty-five miles from Pindi and seven thousand five hundred feet high: it is the hill-station for the North Punjab. I had lunch over a fire at a deserted hotel (the Murree season has wisely not begun yet) with a very pretty view over a deep wooded valley—the trees being mostly firs (nearly like Scotch firs) and pines and thujas. There were also quantities of

peach, apricot, and medlar trees in full blossom, and these remained common all the way to here.

Leaving Murree at three o'clock, we left also the valley we had come up and, crossing the shoulder of the spur on which Murree stands, had a magnificent view of the plain with the green sloping hills for foreground. Then, rounding a bluff, we came on to a quite different and even more lovely view of an enormous chasm-valley for foreground, and behind it a line of high, wooded hills (about ten thousand feet), the tops of which had kept yesterday's snow sprinkled among the pine-trees; while behind these again showed a grand chain of real Eternal Snows, some in sunlight and some with snowstorms playing on them. We had this view for two hours, till as we got lower down the near hills hid the snows. About five o'clock we dropped into the Jhelum Valley, here so steep and narrow as to be fairly called a gorge, with the Jhelum looking tiny far below us. However, an hour and a half brought us down to it, thankful to be alive.

For soon after we entered it, at one of our changes of horses, the usual stampede taking place, the off pony pranced a little too near the edge of the road, which was narrow and unparapeted; in fact, both his hind-legs went over the edge, and he was left in the attitude of an heraldic unicorn. Our off wheel was as near as possible over, but fortunately a large stone acted as curb and stopped it, and the pony scrambled back like

a dog out of a swimming-bath before our near wheel had more than just left the ground. It was quite an exciting moment, and Peer Mohammed ejaculated "Al-lah! Al-lah!" more fervently than ever, though he had been moved to utter it at several previous crises: for the journey, though long, was far from uneventful, being full of little incidents: this last one, however, was a trifle beyond a joke.

We got into Kohála at half-past six. It is sixty-four miles from Rawal Pindi, and almost exactly one-third of the way to Srinagar. I went down and looked at the Jhelum. Just here it is under forty yards wide: I made it thirty-seven by pacing the bridge: the measuring-scale on the bridge's piers shows it is now forty feet deep, and last rains was fifty-nine feet deep. It is running like a mill-race—brown, swirling water. The view from the bridge up and down the gorge is most picturesque, though nothing surprising: the hills on either side are (to look at) about a thousand feet high, perhaps not quite so much.

Friday, URI.—Another long day and full of incidents. I started from Kohala at half-past eight this morning. The gorge looked bigger and more beautiful than it did last night. We crossed the bridge and went along the face of the right-hand hillside (being the *left* bank of the stream, which flows south here). We have been in the gorge all day, with a rushing sound of the river for company, and most lovely scenery. All the morn-

ing a big snow-mountain headed the gorge: it was fifty miles away, but looked quite close.

About eleven o'clock the gorge broadened and became a valley, *i.e.*, there was a little flat, cultivatable ground on either side of the river. In this valley were many trees, the prettiest being a kind of mountain-ash, the young leaves of which were so bright a copper-pink that, in the distance, they looked like blossom.

About twelve we turned sharp eastward, and continued to follow the valley till we reached Garhi, where I lunched. This was thirty-three miles from Kohala.

Starting again at two, the valley soon narrowed to a gorge again, and for the rest of the afternoon the road was just cut in a ledge on the face of the ravine-side: the river about two hundred feet below, and the hills a thousand feet above us, with glimpses of snow in front. It was very wild and grand, and quite a contrast to the almond-blossom of the valley. In several places there had been small landslips, one still in progress, and we drove past with one eye on the stones in the road and the other on those rolling down; we dodged the latter, but the former were very bumpy.

About six o'clock we came to a big landslide which had blocked the whole road with loose earth. A large gang of coolies was working at it, but the more they cleared the more fell. However, they had banked it so as to leave a space about five feet wide on the extreme edge of the precipice, and over

this we had to pass. I got out to take a photograph, and got in on the far side. In fact, they had to take the ponies out, and the coolies drew the *tonga* through, with about two inches to spare.

Finally, we got in here about a quarter-past seven, having travelled sixty-nine miles. I was fearfully sleepy, and can hardly keep my eyes open, but the bungalow is full, so I have had to sleep in the dining-room, so take the opportunity of writing this while dinner is being cleared away.

Saturday, SRINAGAR.—Not quite such a long day to-day, but I'm very glad to be out of the *tonga*.

When I got up this morning I found we were in a lovely kind of dell where two valleys met at right angles, completely encupped by hills, most of them with snow. Just before we got in last night deodars had begun to appear, and all this morning they were the prevailing tree. They were not very tall, though a few were about ninety or a hundred feet, but they were slenderer and more larch-like in growth than the ones at home.

We started at eight and continued along the gorge as before, now high above the river, now almost on a level with it, making longish *détours* to cross tributary streams. We passed two temples of the peculiar and very effective Kashmiri style, which Fergusson describes (I hope you *have* looked at Fergusson).

About half-past eleven the gorge opened and the hills subsided, the river became broad and calm,

and in front was disclosed a flat valley, on the other side of which rose (thirty miles away) a long wall of snow mountains. Soon we got to Baramula, where the houses were built of cedar-wood and roofed with green turf, quite the prettiest combination I have ever seen, I think. The green roofs especially were lovely, being steep and often gabled.

After lunching here, I started for Srinagar, thirty-three miles of nearly flat road, lined throughout by tall poplars planted so close together that when they get their leaves they must make a continuous shade, for all their narrowness.

The valley itself was rather prosaically prosperous, consisting chiefly of irrigated plough-land. When the corn and rice shows, however, it will be deliciously green. There are also masses of iris plants, for which the valley is famous, but they were not yet in flower. The prettiest pieces of colour were the mustard-fields, of which there were a good many, in full bloom. Otherwise it is a little too early. The poplars are leafless and the planes hardly showing green ; the elms are greenish, and the fruit-trees in full blossom, but of these there were not many till we neared Srinagar.

The valley itself, in fact, was a trifle disappointing. But the setting! When we got near the middle of it I could see all round, and so far as I could make out (it had clouded over and was misty in places) the valley is completely surrounded by snow-mountains without a single break, and as it is eighty miles long by twenty-five broad, this

means a continuous oval chain of snows about two hundred miles in length. Later in the season I dare say many of the lower mountains lose their snow; but now the snow-line looked about two thousand feet above the valley (*i.e.*, seven thousand feet above sea-level), and so every hill had plenty of it. The effect was fairy-like under the grey sky, and the light from them was such that I needed my smoked glasses all the way, though there was no sunshine at all.

I got in here at five o'clock. The town looks most attractive, built of wood, many turfed roofs, on a network of streams and canals which centre in the Jhelum. Traffic is by water, as in Venice and Stockholm, and the snows form the background to every picture, while almond-blossom comes into the foreground of most.

I have taken up my abode in a *doonga*, which is a kind of long, low house-boat, navigable. I think I shall have a heavenly Holy Week here before moving farther. It is doubtful whether the Sindh Valley is open enough to make it advisable to go up it.

ii

April 2, ON THE JHELUM, NEAR SRINAGAR, KASHMIR.—I thought I shouldn't be able to write to you this week, as I suddenly decided on Sunday evening to go down the river for two days' duck-

shooting at a place where I heard there were some. But it rained so much on Sunday night and yesterday morning that I was afraid if I went the whole way I shouldn't be able to get back by Wednesday evening against the swollen current: these houseboats move very slowly and can't travel by night because of mudbanks. So I stopped yesterday afternoon at a *jhil*, half-way down. A *jhil* is a sheet of shallow water, like a fen without the grass: there are only weeds and a few rushes. The method of shooting is to get into a canoe-like boat and paddle about quietly, putting the duck up, and then shoot them as they circle round. To get to the boat on this *jhil* I had to walk through two hundred yards of marsh. There were only three small lots of duck on it, and we put them up all right: but the weak part of the scheme was that they circled round well out of shot. After about an hour of this process, during which I got one long shot at a mallard, it began to rain again hard, and I gave it up. It was so cold I decided not to wait on the chance of a fine morning, and so we are making our way back to Srinagar. One really wants some one who knows the places to find anything, especially at the fag-end of the season. Earlier in the season there are enough reeds on the *jhils* to give one cover, and on the best ones shelters are provided.

This would be a delightful country to come for three months' shooting in, either in winter or summer. In winter you get the splendid waterfowl

shooting, every kind, from geese to snipe, and a good deal of big game, especially stags: only one can't go up the high mountains. In summer you get no bird-shooting except quail, but you get good fishing, fish up to 25 lb., and very good Himalayan big-game shooting, viz., Markhor, Ibex, Sharpu, Ammon, Thibetan Antelope, Thibetan Gazelle, Kashmir Stag, Serow, Tehr, Goral (these last three are only names to me), Brown Bear, Black Bear, Pig, Leopard, and Snow Leopard. Leopards are very common, but snow leopards are *the* thing: they have lovely skins and are very difficult to get at. In any case you have the most glorious scenery in the world the whole time: below the snow-level the flowers are marvellous, they say; and the whole affair is said to be the cheapest shooting in the world. I asked the Agency man here the average cost of a three-months trip, and he said, "£100 is the average per head, but it can be done for less." The Uganda Agency sent me a prospectus in December, and they gave an estimate of £100 per head *per month*—three times as much.

The rain has stopped now, but there are still heavy clouds about, hiding the mountains. It is very tiresome, as this is the weather they ought to be having in March, and March was unusually fine: however, I hope it will clear up in a few days, as there are some lovely expeditions to be made from Srinagar, only they depend on clear weather.

It is distinctly warmer to-day, too; my thermometer says 54°, whereas yesterday no efforts would

induce it to rise above 46° ; as soon as the sun can get through it will shoot up to 70°. Then the spring ought to come in with a run. The great tree hereabouts is the *chenar*, or plane. Its leaf looks to me smaller and more prettily indented than the English plane ; but they aren't out yet, though the buds are bursting, and three days' sun would do the trick.

There is a wonderful atmosphere of beauty about the place. The city is extraordinarily picturesque. There are more waterways than streets, and the houses are built on high embankments (to escape floods) and overhang the river, supported by great bracket beams. The houses are of wood, weather-stained to all sorts of browns and greens, and are roofed with brilliantly emerald turf. They have bow-windows, in which their turbaned proprietors sit like spiders all day overlooking the river. One travels about in a cigar-shaped wooden boat, called *shikara*, paddled by four men : it goes a great pace. There are lots of house-boats and barges on the river, too, and it is crossed by seven bridges, all built entirely of wood, with rows of logs laid alternate ways and broadening at the top, I continually wish I could sketch the places I see.

Even the people are good-looking, and have nice happy, laughing faces, though they are the idlest and most worthless people in all India, almost. But they certainly have artistic genius, which seems to go with lovely scenery : you can see that in their architecture and also in their products. Their

wood-carving is the best in the world, and their silk embroideries are also lovely. Almost alone among Indians they go to nature for their models, which is contrary to the spirit of Indian art: and being Mohammedans, nature means for them flowers and trees and fruits: and the result is a perfection of flower-imitation which is like nothing Indian, but very close to the Persian art at Delhi and Agra.

Wednesday, SRINAGAR.—This has missed the mail, after all, so it will have to wait till next week. While I was writing yesterday morning, they told me we were passing a *jhil* which might have duck, so I got out and into a *shikara* with a local *shikari* and paddled to the *jhil*. It was a much more satisfactory affair than the last one: very big, quite a mile long, and over half a mile broad, and full of short reeds or iris-leaves which stood eighteen inches out of the water, and gave a little cover: also the clouds had lifted a bit, and it was quite warm. The chief defect of it was that it contained hardly any duck. We only found two couples and a lot of about twenty in three hours. I got one of the former, but missed the twenty badly.

However, I decided to try again in the evening, and went out at five. There were several lots circling about, but they always kept just too far; I had some long shots but only tailed one. But on our way back in the dark at 7.30, a single bird crossed in front of us fairly high and I got him in

the head, so I didn't go home empty-handed. The shot put up several score of duck, but I didn't get another chance. However, I could see that even as late in the season as this a man who knew the place and the language could probably get a dozen on this *jhil* any evening.

I was quite content to stay out six hours for the two duck, because the scenery was simply enchanting. In the evening there was a heavy storm raging in the mountains to the west, all along one side of the valley. I could hear the thunder and see the mist in slanting lines of rain, like a Turner picture, while gleams of the sun made lurid lights and indigo shadows in the cloud-mantle that hid the hills. To north the clouds hung low, but the mountains showed dimly through like ghosts. To the east the mountains were close and clear, but heavy isolated clouds hid their snows: while away to the south there was blue sky, and the evening sun caught the successive ranges of snows so that they gleamed a soft golden white; but the steep places of bare rock were of so pale a blue as to be indistinguishable from the sky behind them, only imagination supplied their outlines.

The establishment of a minimum wage makes one wonder how long we shall compete against this country, where the *maximum* wage for skilled labour is eightpence a day—to say nothing of China and Japan.

I have been meaning to send you for a week or two the enclosed cutting about a police scandal.

Almost every week since I've been out there has been some case in the courts in which police are accused of torturing witnesses, etc., generally in some fairly mild way: this is quite the worst case I've seen reported. It is very difficult to get at the truth, for witnesses are just as likely to be faking the charge against the police as the police are to be faking that against the prisoner. But where such cases are possible things must be pretty bad.

iii

Easter Eve, SRINAGAR.—Virtue found its due reward yesterday. I have been much tried by the experiments in Prayer Book revision which find favour here: but in spite of sundry choppings and changings in matins yesterday, I sallied forth again in the evening, and on my way met the Resident, who very kindly asked me to a shoot to-day, the last of the season, at Holkrah.

When I got up this morning I discovered Kashmir for the first time. It was cloudless, and behold the mountains stood round about us like a chorus of white angels. It was astonishing. I felt like the servant of Elisha in Dothan: my eyes were opened. East, west, south, north was a glittering line of snow, not the dim, distant forms I had guessed were mountains, but marching up close, the long lines east and west seeming to flank the river like the sentinels guarding a proces-

sion. Truly here one must lift up one's eyes unto the hills.

Feeling as if I had breakfasted on champagne, I found myself at the Residency and mounted a motor-car. We drove about nine miles along the poplar-lined road till we came to Holkrah. There we got out and joined three other guns, making seven in all. A very short walk brought us to the *jhil*, where fourteen *shikaras* were waiting, and we made our way to our posts.

The *jhil* was a biggish lake: it must be two miles long and nearly as broad (but I couldn't see properly). On it were, so to speak, continents and islands of a thick, rush-like green pampas-grass, standing about four to five feet out of the water. So there were straits, isthmuses, archipelagoes, and inland seas, through which one threaded one's way. One of the guns, paddling near me, said that, being the last, this would be the worst shoot of the year: he doubted if we should get a hundred and fifty. In November they counted on eight hundred every time; the duck were so thick on the water you could hardly see it, and when they were put up the air was full of them; but now they were all gone except a few mallard, teal, and pochard.

However, as it was we passed quantities of duck on the "inland seas"; they kept well in the open. After about twenty minutes' paddling the *shikari* ran the boat into a small islet, an isolated thicket of rush-grass. We managed so that the boat was hidden, but aground, and I

could see through two gaps: an ideal ambush. I sat and waited for the first shot, which was to signal the beginning. I felt I could wait for ever, in the brilliant warm sun, with the still, reed-thicketed lake all round me, and the cool, silent, wonderful snows above. Another boat crossed the open water silently and waited in another reed-bed a hundred and fifty yards away, to pick up.

Then I made two disconcerting discoveries. The first was that the boatmen had mixed up the cartridges, and instead of a hundred and seventy-five No. 4's, I had only twenty-five 4's, and a hundred and fifty 8's and 9's, some one else's snipe-shot. The second was, that if I tried to shoot upwards, the brim of my helmet caught my shoulder and tilted the helmet over my eyes, or else it fell off: while if I wore it back to front the barrel touched the brim.

Then the first shot went, and almost immediately two duck came high over me, and I missed them, my helmet falling right over my eyes. When I recovered, I saw more duck in the air together than I have even seen before: there must have been about two thousand, and the air was full of their swish. Most of them were soon clean out of shot, but the guns were going busily. Four came over me so high as to oblige one to fire, but leaving one at a loss where to fire. I missed clean, my hat falling off (one's only chance was to take them exactly overhead). Again a pair and I missed, my hat completely obscuring

the left eye. This was insupportable, so seeing three approach, I took my hat off, fired yards in front and winged one. Another minute and a low teal swooped over like a driven grouse and caught it in the head: then three more rocketing duck, one again winged. Soon afterwards another express driven shot, broadside this time and cannoning into the water like a bullet. Then a couple more rocketers, and four unavailing shots at them.

By this time the duck were all circling sky-high and one could only watch their swishing flights. I was interested to see that, beyond all doubt, the teal flew faster than the duck, every time. Yet I found them easier to shoot because they look their full pace, whereas the duck, which are ten per cent. slower, look fifty per cent. slower.

By this time my 4's were exhausted, and I had to use 9's, but I found that for low (*i.e.*, up to fifty feet) driven or broadside shots up to thirty yards, they were quite as good as the 4's, in fact killed cleaner, but I couldn't touch the rocketers with them, which I doubt was the shot's fault. They were all over eighty feet and many a full hundred feet up.

When the first lot were cleared off, coolies went in and beat up the rush-grass pools and creeks, and several pairs and single birds were set moving. I got three at ordinary pheasant-height, two of them second barrel, receding, which shows that 9's can get through feathers at this angle, both of them over thirty yards. One of

these I winged, and soon afterwards killed an approaching one dead, which fell behind me and drifted. The spare boat was hunting for the winged one, which got into an islet of rush-grass, and the dead one drifted a hundred and fifty yards from me. This was observed by a large kite or hen-harrier, which coolly hovered and swooped, and made off heavily flapping with his booty. The spare boat pursued him with curses, but to no purpose, losing both birds.

However, the kite or his mate paid fairly for his spoils, for half an hour later he came sailing up again and began to take an interest in the afore-mentioned islet, where the winged duck was. Lower and lower he circled, and then, when only ten feet up, dropped lightly, and remained down. So the spare boat hurried quietly up and frightened him off and found the retrieved duck with its neck torn, but otherwise undamaged.

I got two more nice ones, making nine, before 1.15, when a cease-fire was prearranged for lunch. I discovered with something of a shock that I had let off fifty cartridges, besides ten *quietus* at the first two diving winged ones. But I couldn't find the place for the rocketers. I expect a very small aberration takes the charge to one side of the neck, and 9's won't break a wing at that height, as the 4's did.

I had been presented with a card containing the following imposing list of waterfowl:—

MALLARD.—The mallards were huge: several

were killed: I missed one easy one and some rocketers.

PINTAIL.—Only one lot seen (I saw them), none killed. These are the great winter bird.

WIGEON.—One was killed. This swarms in winter.

TEAL (four).—Three-fifths of the total bag were teal.

POCHARD (four).—One-third total bag were these; as big as a small duck: red-brown heads.

GADWALL (one).—As big as an English wild duck and very like it, with greyer head and breast.

SHOVELLER.—None seen: a winter bird.

GEESE.—None seen: a winter bird.

SNIPE.—Three killed.

VARIOUS.—Two coots killed *per errorem.*

There was yet another, next to shoveller but I have forgotten it; my bag was constituted as marked; two of the teal were what the *shikari* called gargan teal: they had odd white-streaked feathers on the back. The coots were innumerable but not shot at.

By this time it was oppressively hot (I had thick things on), and the mosquitoes swarmed: in the cold I had forgotten them and left my citronella and veil behind. I was bitten thirty times if once; luckily they are a painless sort; no swelling, and I believe no malaria.

I sent the spare boat and recovered my 4's for the afternoon, but to no purpose. Only a

few duck were coming back. I missed three perfectly straightforward ones, and after that never got a chance. At four o'clock we paddled slowly home, the mountains now being covered by fleecy clouds. I was feeling I had very few to show for my sixty shots.

At the landing I met another gun who had only killed five and a coot. The three local guns had already started home. Their cards showed they had killed eleven, twelve, and thirty-one respectively (the thirty-one was a noted shot); in my place a noted shot could have certainly got thirty if the hundred-foot ducks were really permeable: but this noted shot had twenty teal out of his thirty-one, and the teal flew averagely much lower. I only missed two teal.

We saw the Major-General approaching, being paddled through some low reeds. A snipe got up in front of him, and he rose unsteadily (it is not easy to stand in a moving canoe) and fired at it. Unfortunately, both barrels went off at once, and this was altogether too much for the poor Major-General's equilibrium, and he was next seen with his head in the boatman's lap and his legs where his head had lately been. It lacked but little that his head was not in the water-lilies' roots: but the snipe was killed. He arrived in consequence rather peppery. "How many?" we asked. "Umph! shot damned badly; how d'you expect a man to hit birds a mile high when his *topi* lands on his eye if he looks at them, and he's standing on a see-saw in

a cactus-jungle, with damned gnats eating slices out of every inch of his skin?"

There *was* some sword-grass among the rushes; but when the general had cooled down it was clear he'd enjoyed himself very much, though he himself had only killed seven and three snipe. Soon the last gun appeared, having killed fourteen: so the total bag was about ninety, the worst ever known on the *jhil*, but the duck are "flying exceptionally high this year": every one must have fired over fifty shots, to judge from the sounds. I should have liked to see Uncle W. in my place. Seven guns of his calibre would have got over two hundred birds, because the central places got even more shooting than I did. I was No. 8, *i.e.*, the end of all, so tended to get the highest and fewest; but I had quite as many as I wanted in the morning; in the afternoon no one got much.

I feast on wild duck and teal every meal. My host gave me my eight (the kite has the ninth); and apart from that one can buy duck for three annas and teal for two annas.

iv

April 12, ON THE JHELUM, NEAR ISLAMABAD.—This will be my last letter before sailing: it seems cruel to come away from this place just now, it is like being interrupted in watching a

butterfly out of its chrysalis: but apart from that I shall be quite ready to come home.

I dined at the Residency on Sunday and talked to the Noted Shot about the duck-shooting. He said that they got over a thousand on two consecutive "days" this season at Holkrah, and always expected eight hundred from November to February. He asserted that the rocketers I had been shooting at were about a hundred and twenty feet high and travelling about ninety miles an hour. Consequently one had to aim yards in front, and nobody had the courage to aim far enough in front at first; one had to throw one's gun back and lose sight of the bird altogether. Even so he had often killed birds twelve feet behind the one he aimed at. Another N.S. always shoots them with 8's, but says it means allowing them another foot. So I was right in thinking my 9's didn't make much difference. All present agreed that those hundred and twenty feet ducks *can* be pulled out of the sky, if one shoots well enough, which was the chief point of doubt in my mind.

I have been cruising up to Islāmabad at the south-east end of the valley, which is even more beautiful than Srinagar. The plane-trees are extremely fine, enormously thick, but not so high as those at Winchester, because almost all of them fork into three at twelve or fifteen feet from the ground. I measured the girth of one with the towing cord and found it was twenty-

nine feet two inches; and I have seen several quite as big.

The walnuts are fine too, and look very pretty just now, with their delicate copper-coloured young leaves. There are no other big timber trees in the valley, but masses of fruit-trees, with indescribably lovely blossoms. With the aid of the boatmen I made out nine sorts in one orchard, viz., two kinds each of peach, cherry, and plum, besides apricot, pear, and apple. There are also almond and medlar, and various thorns. Much the biggest of them all is the pear, and I think they must be larger than English pear-trees. I measured one roughly this morning and judged it to be forty-five feet high, and its shadow (at eleven o'clock) was about seventy feet in diameter, nearly round. It was one mass of snowy blossom with delicate green leaves among it.

There are three specially attractive birds here, besides the waterfowl. One is the hoopoe, which has the air of being "the bird of the place," and delights to flutter round one as one walks or rides. It settles in front of one and lets one come within ten or so feet of it; they are always in pairs just now. Another is a large canary-coloured wagtail, a study in yellow and black-grey, that runs about on the water-lily leaves on the *jhils* and lakes: and the third is not unlike a giant-crested tit in colouring, but its beak and flight are more like a finch's. It is fully the size of a greenfinch, or even butcher-bird, and has an indigo cockatoo-crest. I find that

this is none other than the celebrated *bul-bul*, but vocally it is a very poor substitute for the nightingale. There is a pair that has accompanied this *doonga* for two days, flying in and out of the rooms as tame as anything: I can't find a nest.

This morning I saw a marvellous bird, brilliant crimson or scarlet, and it was so plain, though a hundred and fifty yards off, that I think it must have been iridescent, one of the honey-birds. For a moment I thought a large poppy had fallen out of the sky. I never saw it closer.

V

April 11, ON THE JHELUM, NEAR ISLAMABAD.—This is your birthday, but I haven't got nothing to drink your health with that's strong enough to be lucky, except the Jhelum water, and that would not be calculated to bring many happy returns to *me*, so I must be content to do it in spirit (which sounds quite appropriate).

Gloriouser and gloriouser is this valley becoming. Before I left Srinagar on Monday the irises were coming out fast; they are the little parma-violet-coloured kind, like those we saw in Cos, and they just carpet the whole of the uncultivated land, like grass. Their colour is not strong enough to produce the effect bluebells do; but perhaps when they are all out they will.

I vainly imagined the fruit-trees were out when

I arrived, rashly generalising from a few peaches and almonds, but now there are five times as many and they are the feature of every foreground. It is a particularly good year, and the blossom simply hides the trees in snowy white. I think the pear is the loveliest of all, as it shows glimpses of green leaves to set off the white, and it is much the biggest.

On leaving Srinagar I was towed up the river to Islamabâd, which is thirty-five miles from Srinagar by road, being at the south-eastern end of the valley. It took two days, as the river winds like a Chinese dragon. Every wind gave a new view of the surrounding snows, so the journey was an orgy of scenery, especially when we passed between mustard-fields or pear-orchards, as we frequently did.

Of course, as we got nearer Islamabad, we got more and more into the *cul-de-sac* of the mountains; so instead of seeing a complete circle of snows from ten to forty miles off, I had them quite close up on three sides, and hardly visible on the fourth.

I got to Islamabad yesterday afternoon, and rode up to Martand, where there is a ruined temple. It was on a sort of plateau or shelf, quite flat, about four miles wide, which makes a kind of *entresol* between the valley and the mountains. My pony had Oriental views on pace, so it took me two hours to do the six miles. From the edge of the plateau the view was heavenly. One looked right away over the valley on one side. It was brilliantly

blotched and streaked with the mustard-fields, of which I calculated I could see over a thousand. The rest of the earth was brown, except for green wheat patches on the hill slopes, where you can't irrigate for rice. The flanking snows, dim below the sun, framed the picture; the distant northern snows just showed like faint icebergs, eighty miles away. I have never seen such finely cobalt blue distances as one has here. On the other side one looked across the little plateau, striped with mustard and dotted with pear, peach, cherry, plum, apple, appricot, etc., to the overlooking snows, close and encircling and shining with the evening sun.

One of the most exhilarating things about this place is the wealth of light. In fact, it takes some time to get one's eyes used to it, but then it flows in, so to speak, at every pore, and bathes one in brilliancy. Light affects one's spirits more directly than any external condition, I think; and here I don't see how one could be anything but happy and chirpy like a bird. It lasts wonderfully long too, and I still feel its ozone at seven p.m.

The temple was very dilapidated, but large and fine, and specially interesting as having clear remains of a peristyle very like a Greek temple's; a quite regular series of columns and architraves in stone; only it formed a kind of cloister, being placed some six feet inside the outer court wall, which was in the regular Kashmiri pointed style, an extremely handsome one, with carved gable-windows or arches.

This morning I started at seven and rode up to an old garden of Jehangir's called Atchibal, where one of the sources of the Jhelum is. It was very pretty, with waterfalls going through the garden, in which were orchards of blossom and big planes, and summer-houses of the usual wood and turf style; while on the hillside above were deodars mixed with blackthorn.

There are two other items which add to the beauty of this end of the valley. One is that many of the roofs are not only covered with green grass (long bright grass like that which grows in water-meads), but have on them clumps of crimson tulips, which make glorious patches of brilliance calling aloud for a sketcher. Others have iris clumps. The other item is that instead of the little iris, they have the big purple one (like those in the borders at home), and it grows just as profusely. In fact, I couldn't believe it wasn't grown for some purpose, but the boatman is positive it is merely a weed. Alas! it is not in flower yet, except for three or four blossoms in each patch (some are white, not purple); in two weeks' time there will be acres of royallest purple to make the place even more like fairyland.

Planes, walnuts, and poplars are coming early into leaf, and already look quite clothed—but I regret the iris.

I am on my way back to Srinagar now. It gets quite hot in the afternoon, over 70° in my cabin, but the least breeze is like an iced drink, straight from the snows.

April 15*th*, SRINAGAR.—When I got back here on Friday, I found a lot more things had come out in my absence, notably the big white irises which cover the earth embankments of the river just above the town. Already they make a lovely show; but there are still three or four buds for every flower that's out.

On Saturday I went to the Dal Lake again. This time it was clear, and the distant amphitheatre of snows stood out beautifully and was reflected in the lake. The nearer amphitheatre was reflected so clearly you could see every line of the rocks. At the far end is a magnificent grove of *chenars* (planes), and behind this I found a very large mustard-field, so bright that it hurt one's eyes to look at it from close by, and it stretched away to the blue hills.

I don't think I told you about the floating gardens on the lake. The villagers make large matted platforms out of the lake reed, and moor them in the water (which is quite shallow) by long stakes. Then they heap them with earth, and plant melons and cucumbers and tomatoes on them, and get incredible crops. Just now there wasn't much on them, but some had mustard.

Yesterday afternoon it clouded over and we had a storm—a very high wind and some rain, which has wrought sad devastation to the pear-blossom. It rained again this morning (and this evening), but was fine by ten o'clock, so I went out in a boat, and explored the back parts of the native town. It was

a bit whiffy, but very picturesque—though how men can be content to live in the places I saw I do find it very hard to conceive. So little trouble could so vastly improve it, yet they don't seem to care a straw. It must be the sun.

I think I shall leave here on Wednesday and go by boat down the river to Baramula *via* the Wular Lake, which is the largest in India. I ought to get there on Friday.

From there I start on Saturday or Sunday in the *tonga* for Rawalpindi and catch the train for Bombay on Wednesday, arriving Friday morning. Thursday will be very hot, I expect. I see it is already over 104° in many places, and by the 25th it may easily be 110°. However, the trains are arranged to mitigate it.

VI

May 5, SS. *Maloja*, SUEZ CANAL.—It's a long time since I last wrote, and this ought to reach you only four days before I do, but I may as well tell you what I've been doing.

I left Srinagar on Wednesday, the 17th, and went down the river by boat to Baramula, where it enters the gorge. The northern half of the valley is barer than the Islamabad end, being more fen and pasture, having orchards only in the villages. But the river-banks were carpeted with the little blue iris, which were thick enough to produce the

effect bluebells do, though in pale mauve, instead of sky-blue.

I stopped the first night at Sambal, where a canal branches off to an exquisite little lake called the Manasbal Lake, like a horizontal mirror filling the bottom of a cup of hills, with the inevitable snows behind, but almost hidden.

The next day I got to the edge of the Wular Lake, and waited a night before crossing. It is the largest lake in India, twelve miles by seven, being formed by the Jhelum as it comes to the *cul-de-sac* of the valley, until it finds a way out through the gorge. It is not safe to cross, excepting in the early morning, on account of sudden storms down the ravines. One came that evening, very curiously. The boatman ran in to say a storm was coming, and began to quadruple the tethering of the boat. I went out and found it perfectly calm, but I could hear a noise in the nearest mountains, just like that of a distant train when one is waiting by night at a station. It came nearer, and after a few minutes a breeze began, and in another minute it was a gale. It lasted about a quarter of an hour, and then vanished as suddenly as it came.

Next morning I started at seven. The lake was the loveliest spot of all I had seen. The snows looked quite close all round. Those on the west were really some eighteen miles away, but the golden sunrise-light made them seem near and luminous. To the north appeared range behind range, culminating in Nanga Parbat seventy miles

away. To north-east and east the mountains run up sheer from lake-side to snow, and the sun flashed on and through their serrations. A spur of them runs out into the valley so as to overlap the south-west line of snows. The whole scene was duplicated in the water.

It took nearly three hours to paddle across (fifteen paddlers working), and then we came to a deliciously picturesque town called Sopor, where the river leaves the lake. Its bridge and orchards are its chief features; and, of course, its wooden houses and grassy roofs.

From Sopor it is only a few miles to Baramula, which I reached in the afternoon. It then began to rain, and rained all night; but on Saturday morning it was fine, so I climbed a spur of the Kaj Nag and enjoyed a last panorama of the valley, lake and snows. I could see from Nanga Parbat on the north to Banihal (behind Islamabad) on the south, about seventy miles each way. On the way down I picked a lot of strange flowers.

Soon after I got down it clouded over again and began to rain. It rained all that afternoon and all night, so that when I started on Sunday morning the road was very filthy and the sky threatening. About eleven o'clock it began again, and rained steadily for twenty-four hours. So the drive out was not so enjoyable as the drive in; but the road had stood it very well, and I made sixty-four miles the first day without mishap. The second day we stuck twice, once where the coolies had

heaped stones two feet deep on the road and left them unspread, and there was no room to get round. I got out and abused the coolies, who were calmly heaping yet more stones thirty yards ahead, and made them come and pull us through, which they did, though almost upsetting us. The second stick was in eighteen inches of mud—a dissolved landslip—where we stuck fast. The prospect of getting out into knee-deep slime was uninviting, so I suggested that Peer Mahomed should. But eventually, with four coolies shoving, the ponies staggered through somehow ; there was only about twenty-five yards of it.

There were hundreds of new flowers out since I had come in. Of those I knew, the most conspicuous were St. John's wort, wild rose (in high masses of white, festooning the trees), passion-flower, also a small white clematis, marguerites, and horse-chestnuts (just beginning). There were besides two scarlet-flowered shrubs, and a tree with flowers like a cross between magnolias and tiger-lilies, and several white-flowering bushes.

I got to Murree that evening, and spent Tuesday morning there, driving down to Rawal Pindi in the afternoon, passing through one phenomenally heavy shower.

Pindi was surprisingly cool : it never touched 70° while I was there. I slept at the station, and while breakfasting I was accosted by yet another Oxford acquaintance ; they seem to haunt the refreshment-rooms of Indian railways. I caught the midday

Bombay mail, and even in the train it was not hotter than 70° all day. Next morning, Thursday, I awoke between Delhi and Muttra, and saw a fine lot of peacocks roosting in the jungle trees. Then I shut up the shutters, expecting great heat, but it only just struggled up to 92° at tea-time, so I need hardly have been so cautious; but there was nothing much to see outside.

We got to Bombay on Friday morning. I spent the day packing and at Cook's.

On Saturday I bought some mangoes to eat on the ship, and embarked at one o'clock.

The voyage has been perfectly calm so far, and reasonably cool. Till Aden it never exceeded 82°. Then we had two days of 86° and a following wind; but now it is rapidly turning chilly, and the north wind is ominous of pitching in the Mediterranean.

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